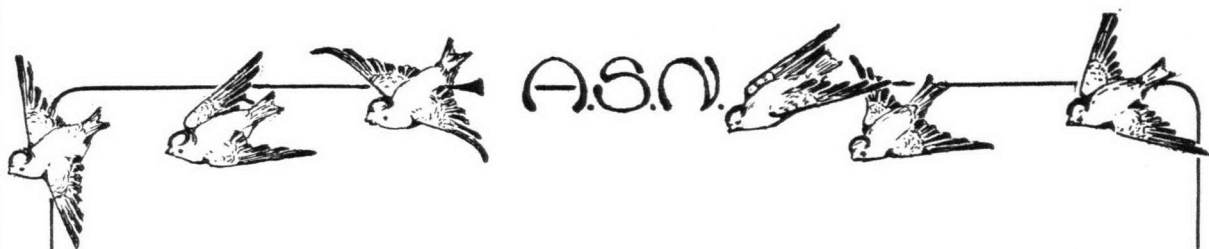


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Book The Annual 1926

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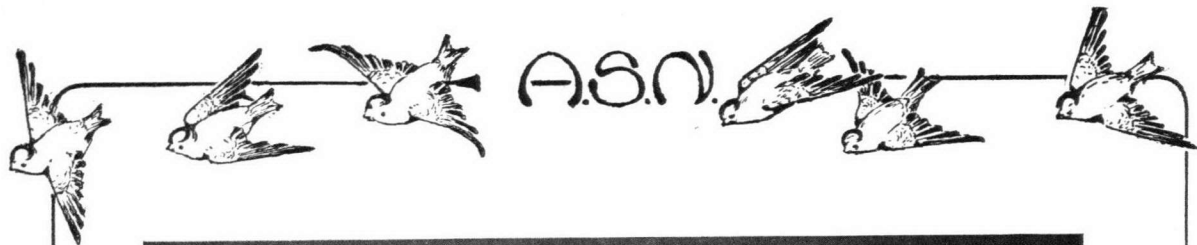


Army School of Nursing
Class of 1926



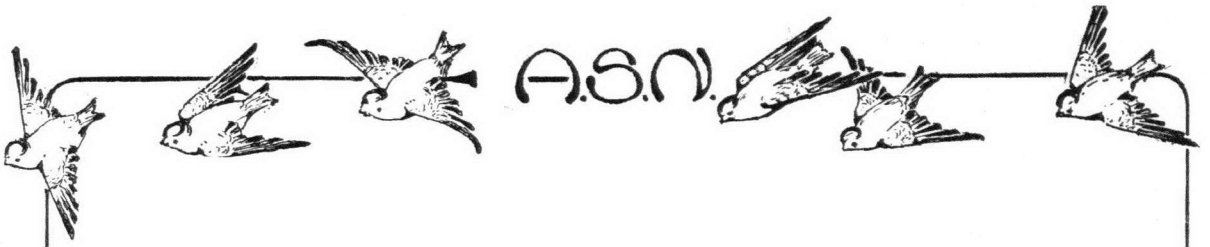
Army Medical Center
Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.

1926



UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TABLET

1926



From 1926

WE LEAVE you this Annual as a record of our three happy years spent at Walter Reed General Hospital as students in the Army School of Nursing.

With the inspiration of those who have helped us through our training—the faculty, the supervisors, the alumnae, our fellow students, and everyone—we shall endeavor “out there” to live up to the ideals of those who have set us such a splendid example.

1926 is going to do a lot of missing pretty soon—we’re going to miss “the gang,” the weighty discussions on Anatomy, Bacteriology, New Hats, Dates, etcetera, the cherry trees, a garden, wards, and the work which always was a joy. And from now on, when the band plays “Home, Sweet Home,” along with thoughts of Virginia, Indiana, or No’t h Ca’lina, will come memories of those days at Walter Reed.

We want to thank everyone who has helped us put the Annual through. Especially Miss Taylor, for her devotion to the cause, and her moral support at those pasting parties. Mr. Aukward, too, our publisher man, for his kindly overlooking of the rash flights of fancy of our “rookie” Annual Board.

CATHERINE B. BANGS, A. S. N.,
President, 1926.



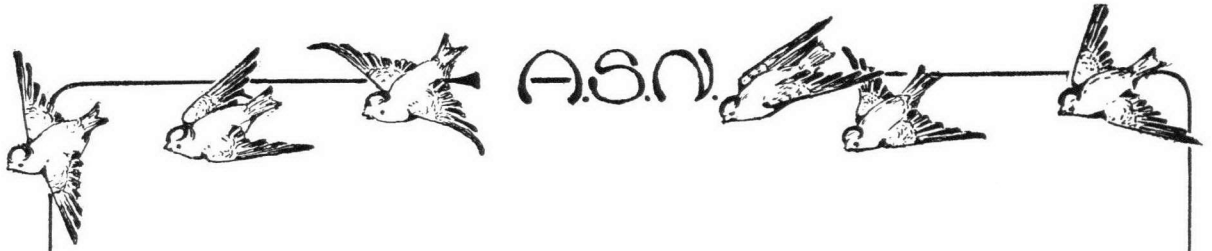
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL

1926



A.S.N.





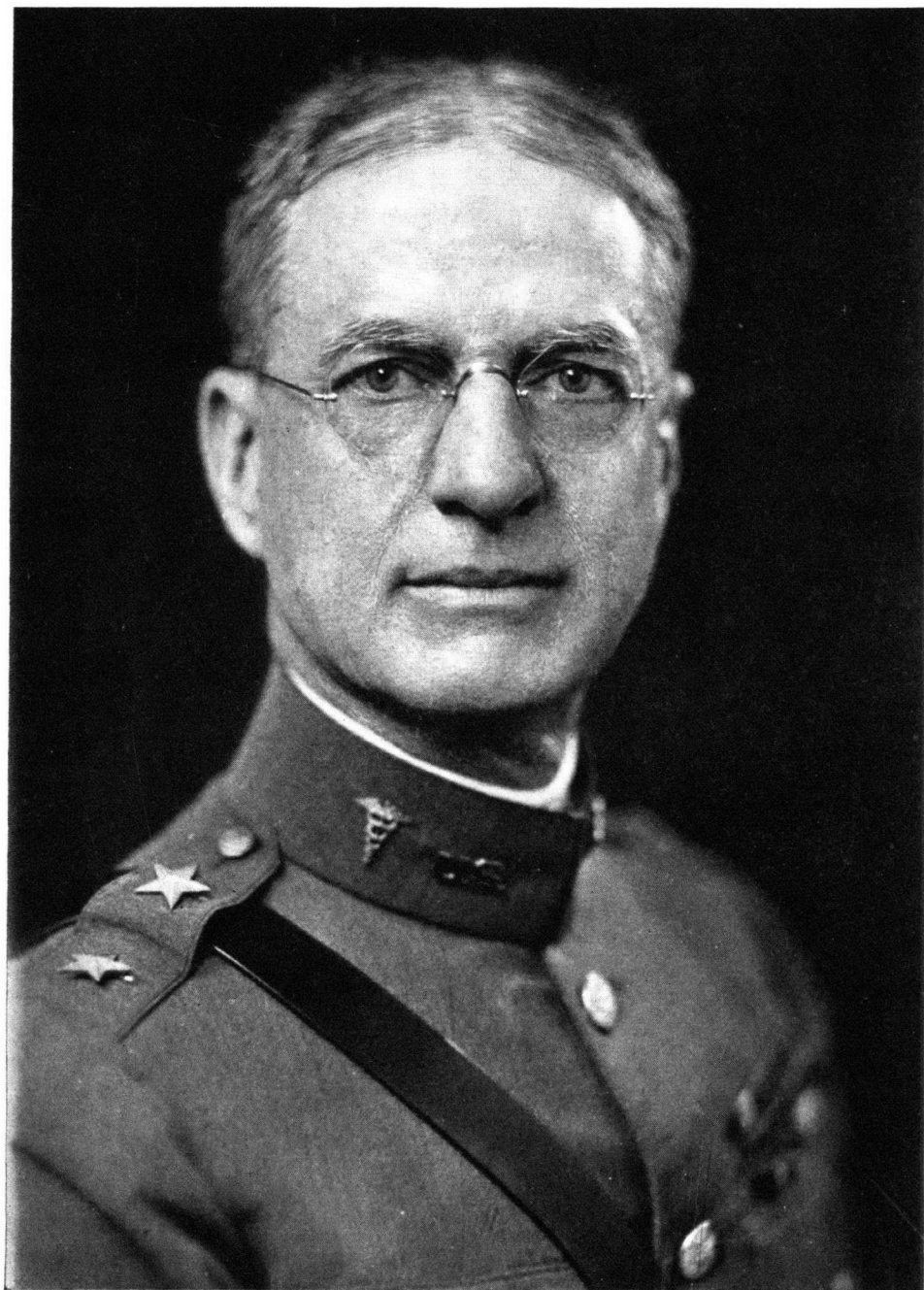
To
Mrs. Julia O. Flikke, 1st Lt., A.N.C.
Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital

The
Students of the Class of 1926
of
The Army School of Nursing

Dedicate This Book

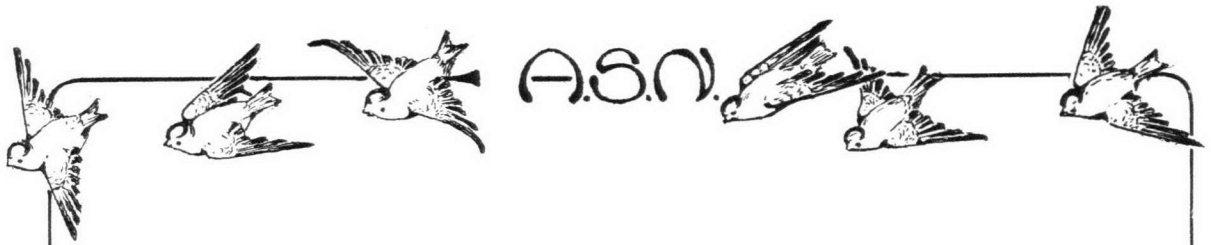
As an expression of our appreciation of her great kindness to us during
our three years at Walter Reed

1926



MAJOR GENERAL MERRITTE W. IRELAND
Surgeon General, U. S. Army

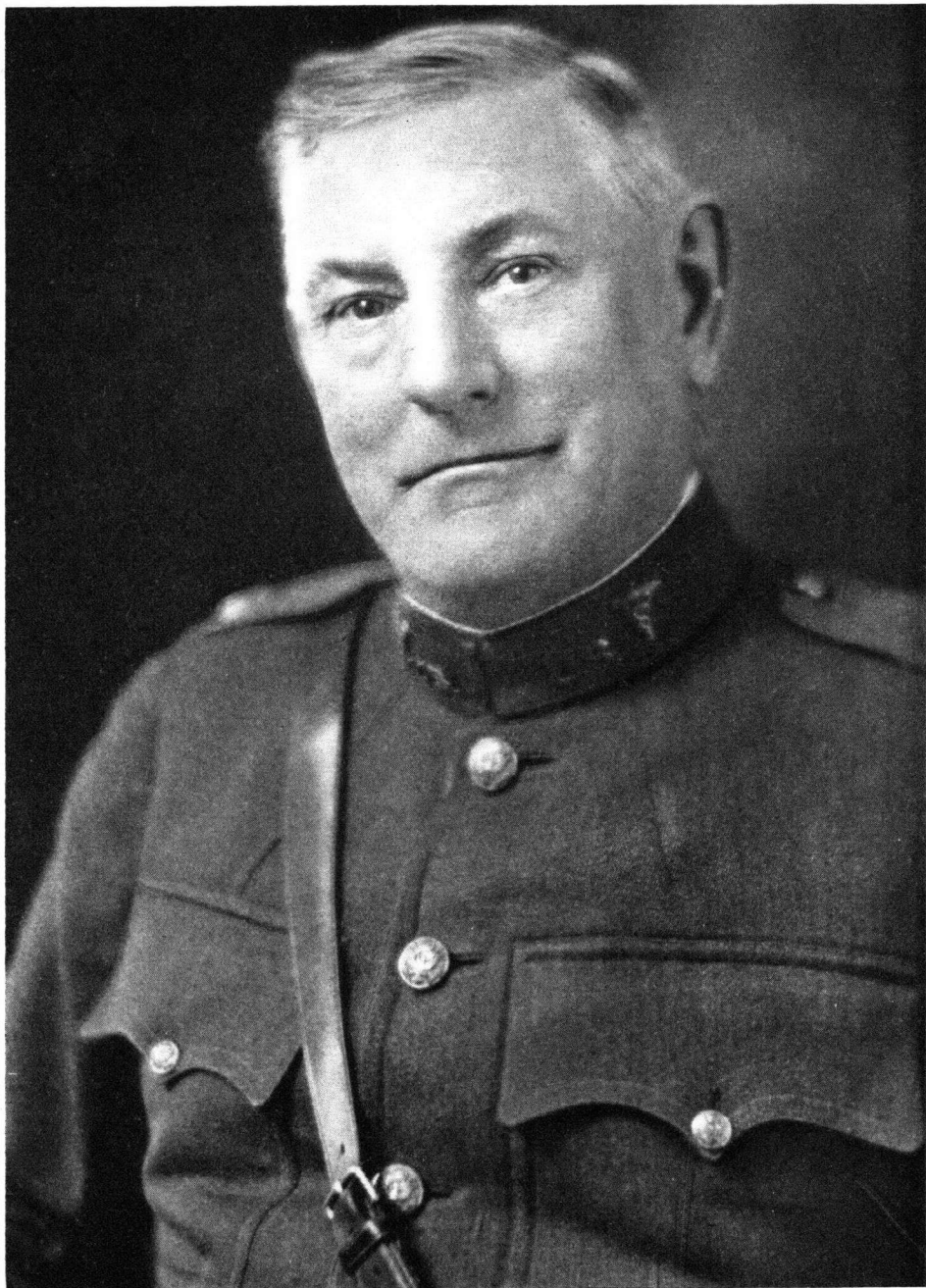
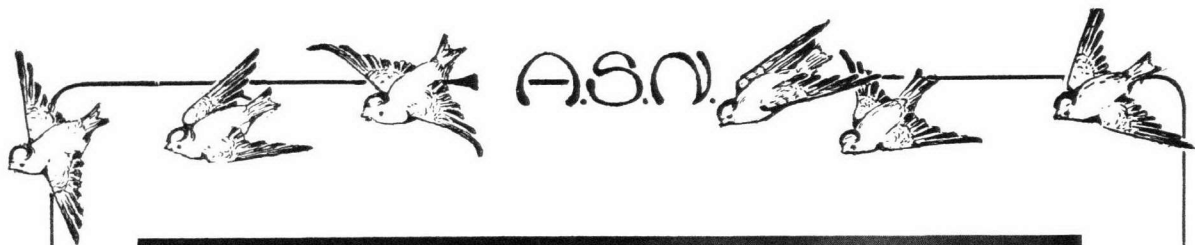
1926



THERE is no teaching activity at the Army Medical Center in which I have a greater interest than in the Army School of Nursing. Organized in the emergency of the World War to train nurses to care for our sick and wounded soldiers, it has continued to develop and maintain the traditions of the wonderful classes which graduated in 1921. To me it is an inspiration to think that the Medical Department has the opportunity to train young women in this special profession to take care of our soldiers and to go into civil life and administer to the disabled.

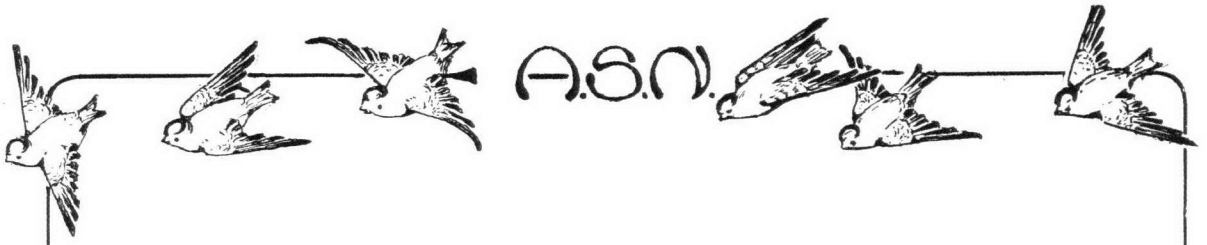
The Class of 1926 has lived up to the traditions of the Army School of Nursing in a splendid manner. I am proud of your attainments, and you leave the school with my cordial good wishes.

M. W. IRELAND,
Major General, The Surgeon General.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES M. KENNEDY
Commanding General, Army Medical Center

1926

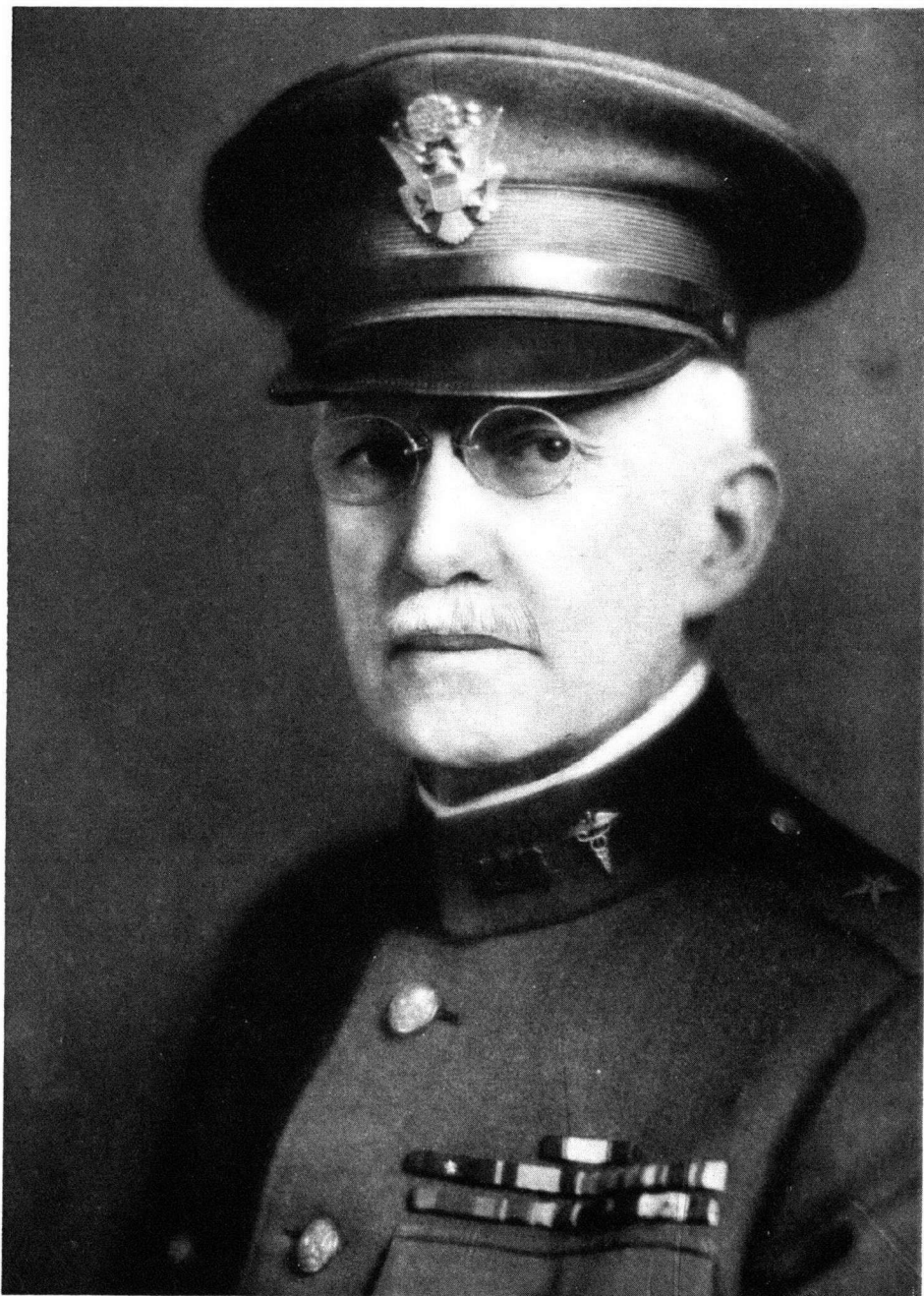
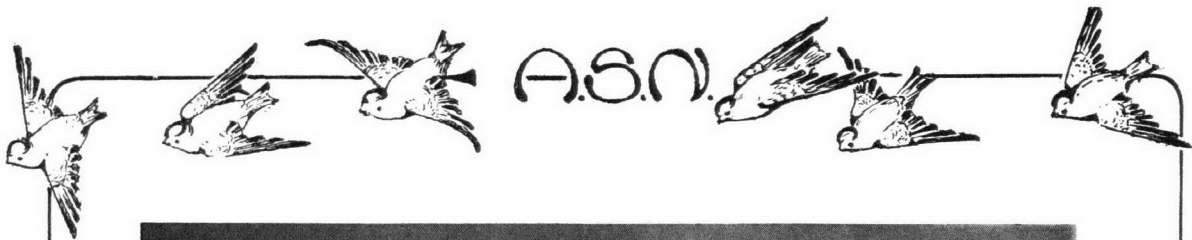


The Graduating Class Army School of Nursing, 1926

IT IS with great pleasure I offer congratulations upon the completion of your three years work at the Army Medical Center.

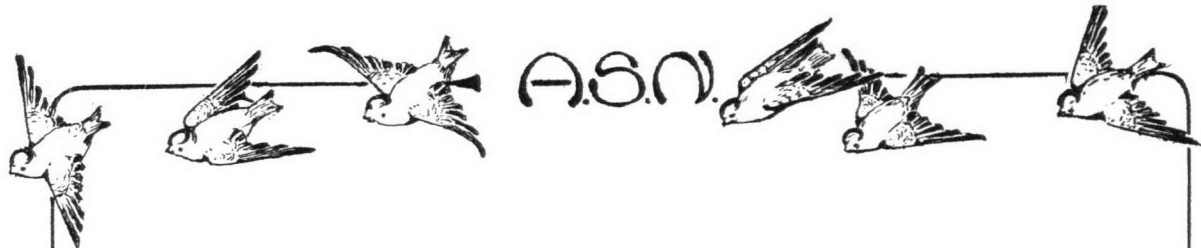
May that which inspired you to choose the profession of nursing, carry you on to the attainment of success and the realization of your highest ideals.

J. M. KENNEDY,
*Brigadier General, Medical Department,
Commanding.*



BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES D. GLENNAN, Retired

1926

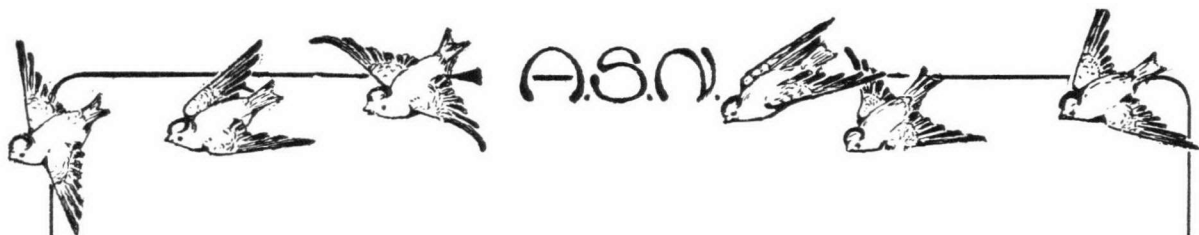


Brig. Gen. James D. Glennan

BRIG. GEN. JAMES D. GLENNAN, recently of the Medical Corps, United States Army, was born at Rochester, N. Y., on March 2, 1862, but during his early infancy his parents moved to the District of Columbia, so Washington is really his home. However, he traveled to many parts of the world.

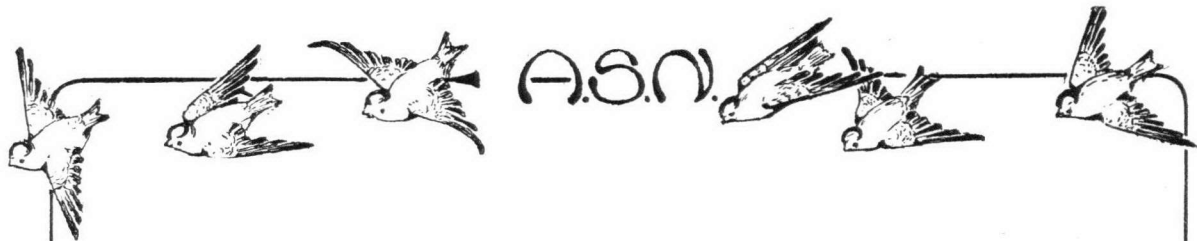
He received his degree of M. D. from Columbian University, Washington, D. C., in 1886. He was made an assistant surgeon in the Medical Department of the United States Army on October 29, 1888; was made a Major on January 1, 1902, and a Lieutenant Colonel on January 1, 1910. July 1, 1916, he was promoted to Colonel; to Brigadier General on February 9, 1925, and was retired on March 2, 1926.

General Glennan has served in many posts in many states and in Cuba, the Philippine Islands, Mexico, and France, always winning the cooperation and admiration of both senior and junior officers and all his associates. It was with deepest regret on the part of the whole Army that his retirement was witnessed March 2, 1926, and never did an officer retire with more good wishes and loving esteem than did Brig. Gen. James D. Glennan.



MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON
Superintendent, A. N. C. Dean, Army School of Nursing

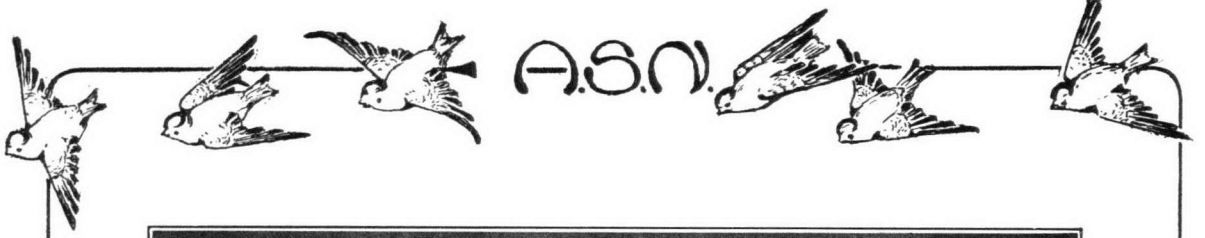
1926



THERE is a very definite message that I want to give to the Class of 1926, and that is: Accept with eager heart every opportunity for assuming responsibility. In last year's Annual Miss Goodrich said, "Those will be turned to for leadership whose experience has been the richest."

Rich experience does not come fast in work in which little is expected of one. Side-steppers who shirk burden-bearing, who do not want to be held responsible for their own or other's work, who fear criticism and being called to account for many details, are missing half of the joy of life and are cheating themselves of their own heritage. So go out to meet responsibility and welcome it, and then be equal to it. Even the one who feels herself the most unready can begin by taking her place and part on committees. Volunteer work of all sorts is splendid training for leadership. With your alumnae, in your church, in any group be one of those that can be relied upon. There, as in professional work, dependability leads to more and more responsibility and with responsibility comes fullness of life.

MAJOR JULIA C. STIMSON,
*Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps;
Dean, Army School of Nursing,
Washington, D. C.*



MISS ANNIE W. GOODRICH
Dean, Yale School of Nursing. First Dean of Army School of Nursing

1926

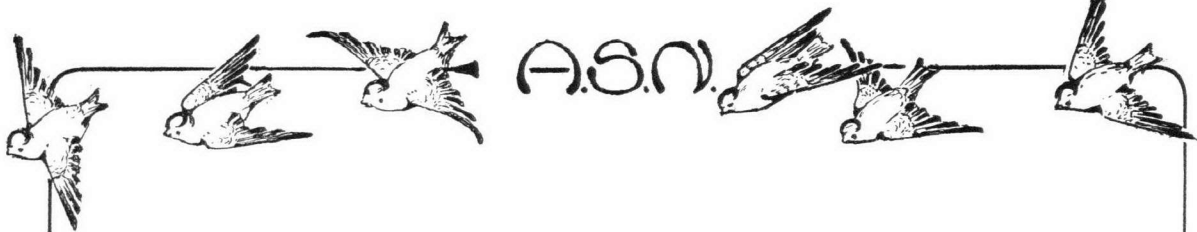


IT IS always a privilege to extend greetings to the graduating class of the Army School of Nursing, but particularly this year which celebrates the graduation of the first class of the School of Nursing of Yale University.

Between this school and yours I hope and believe there will always be a strong bond of fellowship and understanding. Both are deeply concerned to interpret their profession as broadly and effectively as possible; both have experienced courses, rich and diversified in their content, and shaped through a profound conviction that in the nurse prepared to deal with the problems of preventive not less than curative medicine, the nurse prepared and concerned to direct the child life of the community, we have a social force of far-reaching, almost unlimited, influence.

I extend my warmest congratulations and most earnest wishes for your enduring happiness in this arduous but satisfying field.

ANNIE W. GOODRICH.



MRS. JULIA O. FLIKKE
Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital

1926



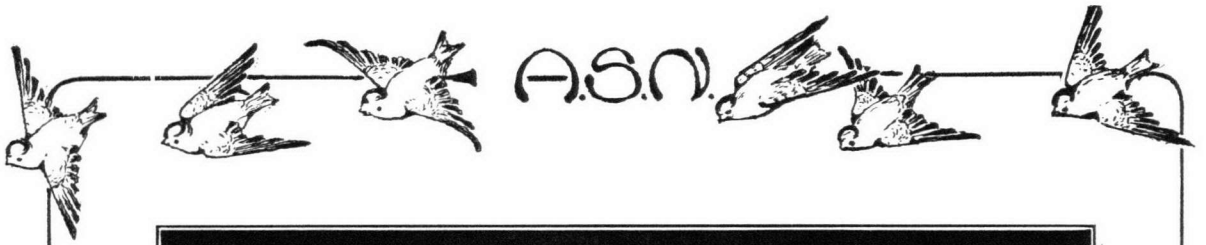
S the Class of 1926 goes forth, another link is added to the powerful chain which is already stretching from coast to coast.

You will be greatly missed from your accustomed places here, but the Alumnae of the Army School of Nursing will be strengthened by the help and cooperation which you are ready and able to give.

Cherish the elements of success—such as good health, a firm purpose, alertness, and a happy and contented disposition. Discontent so often leads to disaster, or at least creates an unhappy atmosphere, while kindness and understanding sympathy are appreciated by our coworkers everywhere.

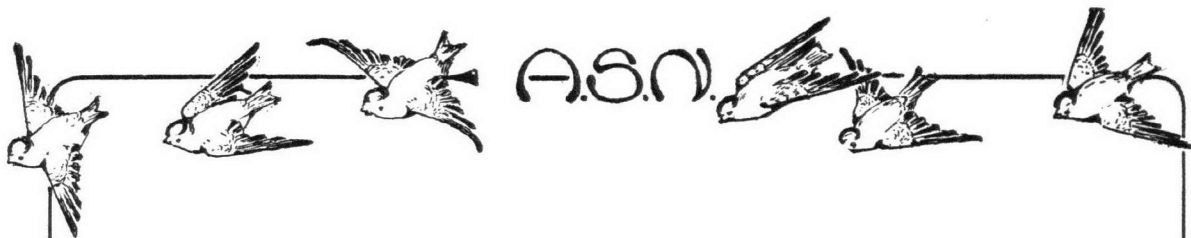
I wish to thank you all for your loyalty and the excellent work you have done, and trust that you will be most successful in the future.

JULIA O. FLIKKE.



MRS HENRY R. REA
*First Red Cross Field Director, Walter Reed General Hospital
Founder, Rea Medal*

1926



EDITH OLIVER REA, a Volunteer Worker in American Red Cross, was appointed by National Headquarters as the first Red Cross Field Director at Walter Reed Hospital on May 11, 1918, and the only woman so honored during the war, served until September 17, 1919, at which time her active service ended, but not her vital interest in "her hospital," and all its activities. In her administration she endeared herself to everyone on the Post by her tact and never failing consideration of others.

When the Army School of Nursing was instituted she recognized the need of a rest house for the nurses and was instrumental in securing from the Red Cross what is now known as the Nurses Recreation House.

In 1921, at the graduation of the war class, she bestowed the scholarship for advanced special study at Columbia University.

The presentation and endowment of the Rea Medal in 1925 for "the member of graduating class whom the faculty considers has shown the greatest natural aptitude for her work, not only for the lessons learned from books, but also for human understanding, unfailing cheerfulness and optimism, which were found everywhere during the time of stress, but are much harder now without the exaltation and excitement of war," is another evidence of her never failing interest.

The Rea swimming pool is probably the best known of Mrs. Rea's many gifts, but the three green houses, the collection of orchids and other rare plants, she has added from time to time, also give a great deal of pleasure.

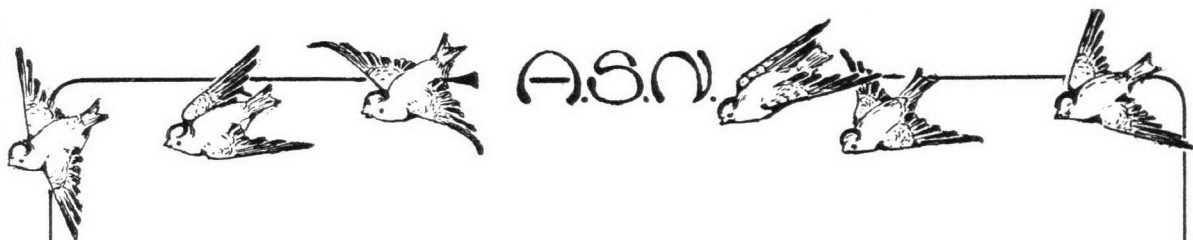
It is impossible to enumerate her acts of kindness and boundless generosity.

M. H. L.

1926



ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

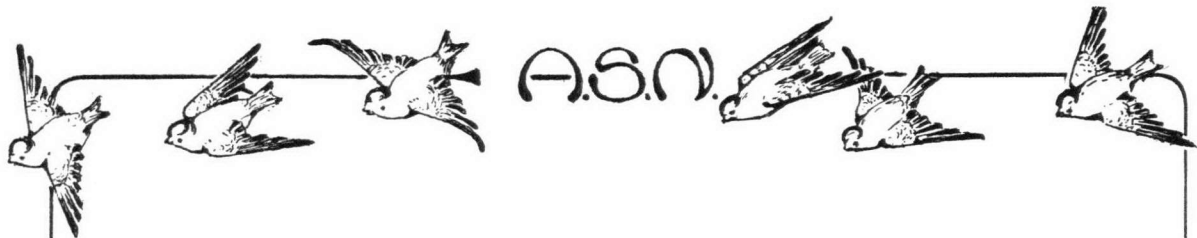


To the Class of 1926

THE Alumnae Association of your school has a definite program planned. If this is to be realized it will be through effort, not the effort of one, but the combined effort of all the members. It involves the cooperation of every graduate of our school, likewise her potential graduates; this cooperation necessitates understanding, sympathy and good will, and perhaps the greatest dependence is upon the accumulation of good will between the various classes of our graduates.

We are desirous of having you join the Alumnae as a unit, and thus bringing to us immediately an enthusiasm and vigor which will help our plan in no small way. Your class will be the first to join the Association under the new membership agreement of the American Nurses' Association. It gives us real joy to offer this opportunity to a class we feel brings us so much.

MARY W. TOBIN, '21,
*President, Alumnae Association,
Army School of Nursing.*



ELIZABETH MELBY



RUTH I. TAYLOR

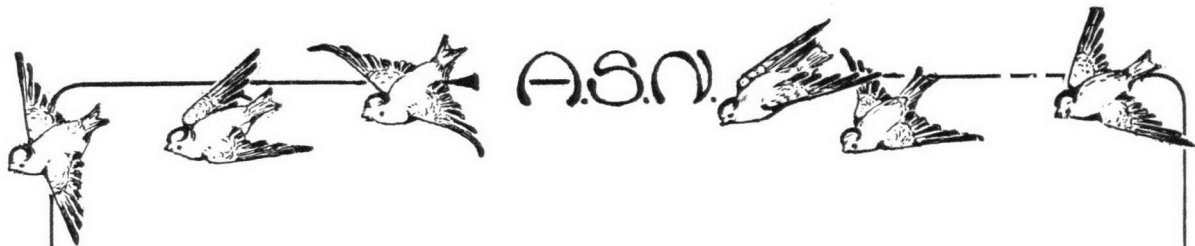


MARY W. TOBIN



L. GERTRUDE THOMPSON

1926



GENEVIEVE FIELD LONG



LILLIAN SMITH KING



ANGELINA STAPLES



MISS DAVIDSON

1926



EMMA E. VOGEL



ETTA E. ROBBINS



ALBERTA MONTGOMERY

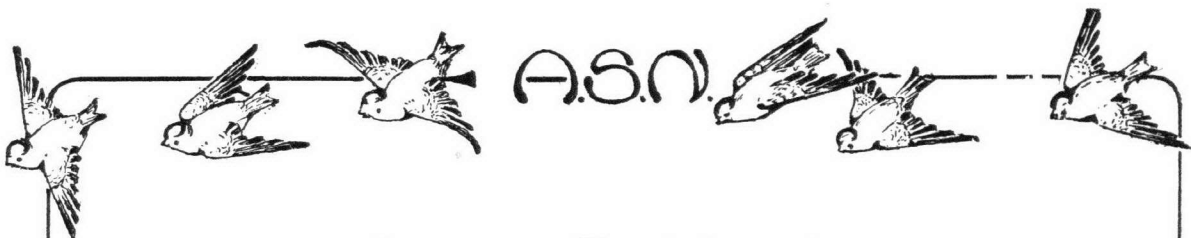


CARRIE E. DUNN



M. ELIZA WEAVERLING

1926



Faculty of Administration

Maj. Gen. MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
The Surgeon General.

Col. CARL ROGER DARNALL,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Surgeon General's Office.

Maj. JULIA C. STIMSON,
Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps,
Dean, Army School of Nursing.

Army Medical Center

Brig. Gen. JAMES M. KENNEDY,
Medical Corps, Commanding Officer, Army Medical Center,
and
Commanding Officer, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Maj. ROBERT W. KERR,
Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Army Medical Center.

Lieut. Col. WILLIAM L. KELLER
Medical Corps, Chief of the Surgical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

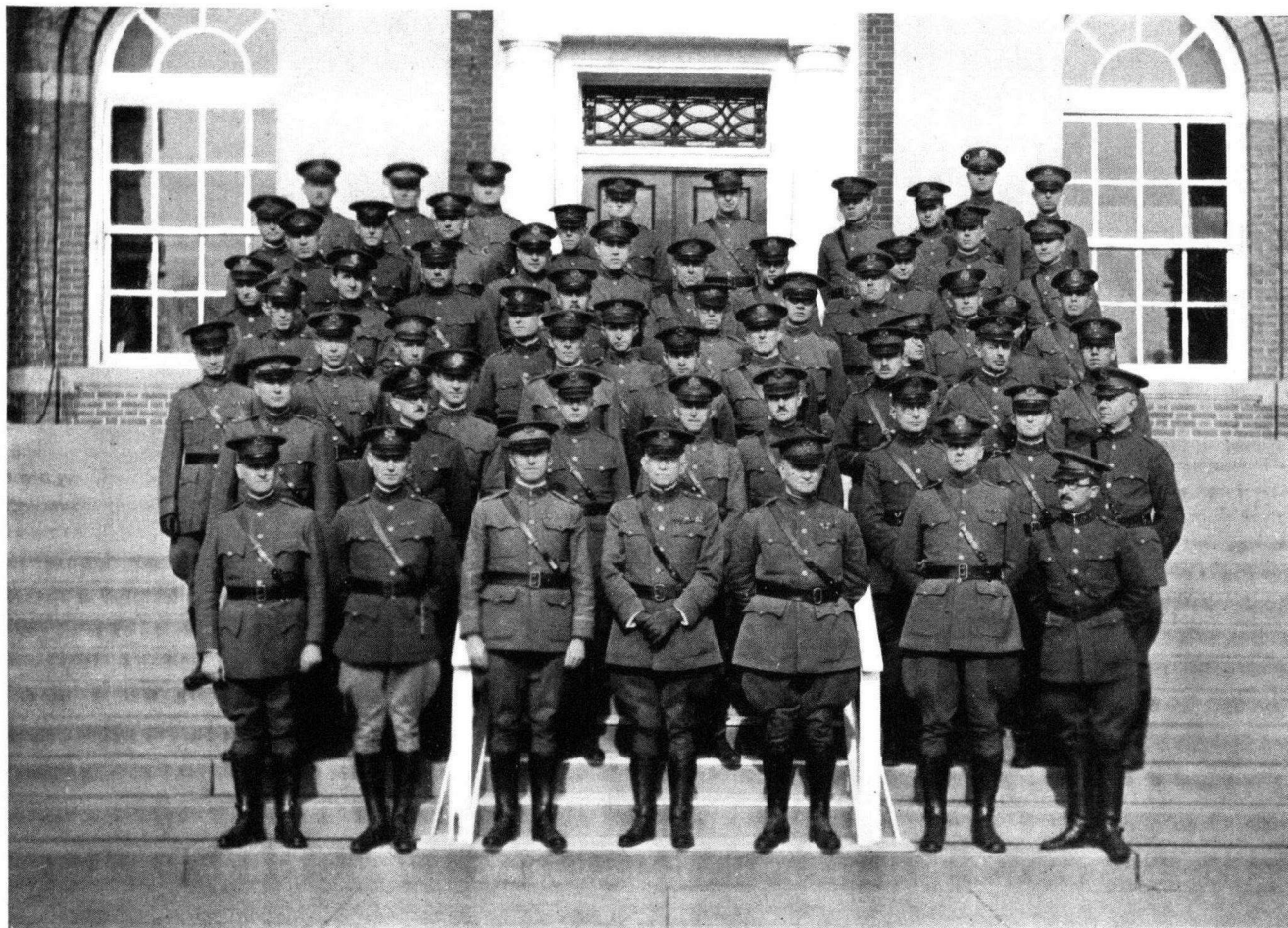
Maj. ERNEST R. GENTRY,
Medical Corps, Chief of the Medical Service, Walter Reed General Hospital.

First Lieut. JULIA O. FLIKKE,
Army Nurse Corps, Principal Chief Nurse, Walter Reed General Hospital.

Faculty of Instructresses

First Lieut. ELIZABETH MELBY.....	{ Anatomy and Physiology.
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps.	{ History of Nursing.
Director, Army School of Nursing.	{ Psychology.
First Lieut. RUTH I. TAYLOR.....	{ Ethics.
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps.	{ Hospital Housekeeping.
	{ Sex Education.
First Lieut. MARY W. TOBIN.....	{ Therapeutics.
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps.	{ Practical Nursing.
[Second Lieut. LILLIAN SMITH (Mrs. King) A. N. C.].....	{ Personal Hygiene.
First Lieut. L. GERTRUDE THOMSON.....	Operating Room Technique.
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps.	
First Lieut. ANGELINE L. STAPLES.....	Supervisor.
Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps.	
MISS GRACE HUNTER.....	{ Practical Dietetics.
Chief Dietitian.	
[MISS GENEVIEVE FIELD (Mrs. Long)].....	
MISS ALBERTA MONTGOMERY.....	Occupational Therapy.
Chief Supervisor of Occupational Therapy.	
MISS EMMA E. VOGEL.....	Physiotherapy.
Chief Supervisor of Physiotherapy.	

1926

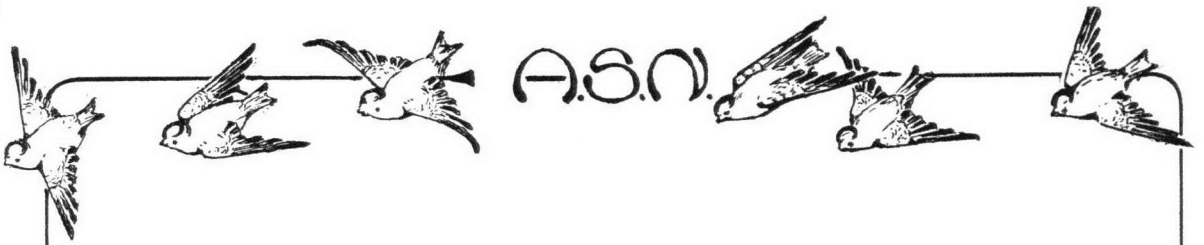


DUTY OFFICERS, ARMY MEDICAL CENTER, 1926



A.S.N.





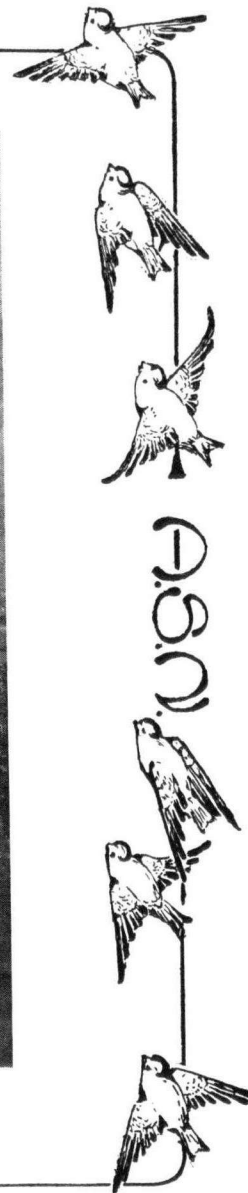
Officers Of Instruction

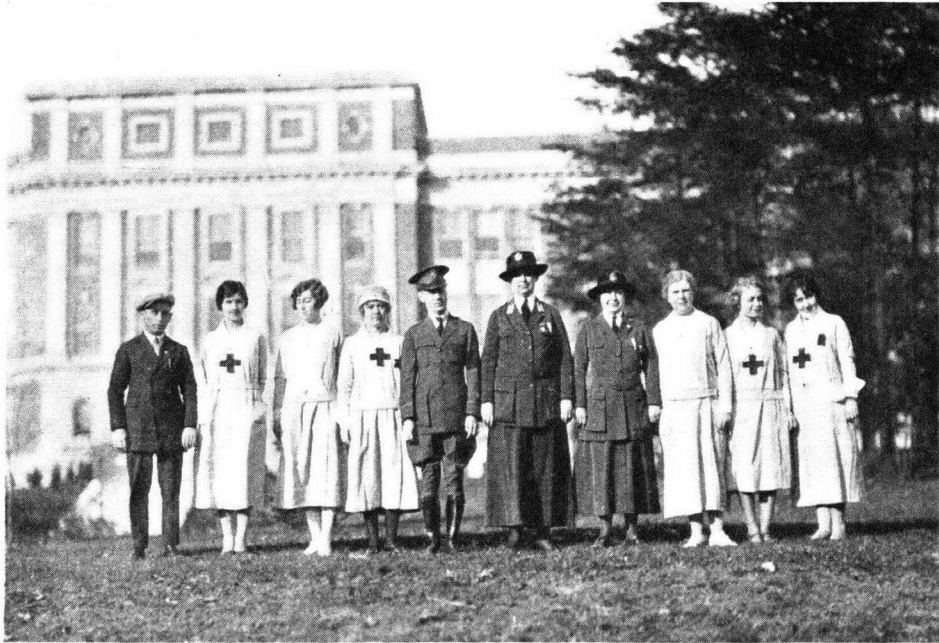
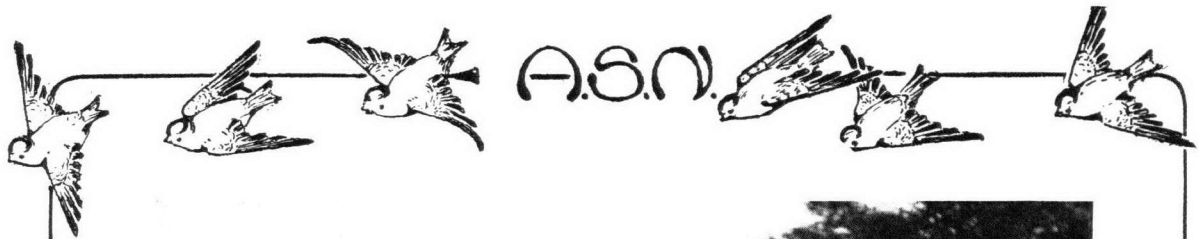
- Maj. William S. Rice, D. C. Oral manifestations of local and systemic diseases.
(Col. Franklin F. Wing, D. C.)
- Lieut. Col. William L. Keilar, M. C. Director of surgical clinics and instruction.
- Maj. Ernest R. Gentry, M. C. Director of medical clinics.
- Maj. Albert W. Kenner, M. C. Septic surgery.
(Maj. Guy L. Qualls, M. C.)
- Maj. S. Jay Turnbull, M. C. Drill and transportation of patients.
- Maj. H. H. Towler, M. C. Public sanitation.
(Maj. Edgar A. Bocock, M. C.)
- Maj. Thomas S. Mebane, M. C. Amputation and orthopedic surgery.
(Maj. Norman T. Kirk, M. C.)
- Maj. George F. Lull, M. C. Occupational therapy, public health, and prevent-
able diseases.
- Maj. Prescott S. Tucker, M. C. Gynecology.
(Maj. Horace S. Villars, M. C.)
- Capt. Alfred Mordecai. Diet in disease.
- Maj. John B. Anderson, M. C. The psychoneuroses and methods of handling
patients.
- Maj. Charles G. Sinclair, M. C. Microbiology and pathology.
(Maj. Raymond E. Scott, M. C.)
- Maj. James G. Morningstar, D. C. Oral Hygiene.
- Maj. Benjamin Norris, M. C. Affections of peripheral nerves, physiotherapy.
- Maj. Robert E. Parrish, M. C. Otology, rhinology, and laryngology.
- Maj. Arnett P. Matthews, D. C. Odontology.
- Maj. Adna G. Wilde, M. C. Ophthalmology.
(Maj. Edmund B. Spaeth, M. C.)
- Maj. Henry W. Grady, M. C. Roentgenology.
- Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C. General medicine.
- Capt. Brooks C. Grant, M. C. Chemistry.
(Maj. James Crawford, M. C.)
- Maj. P. C. Riley, M. C. Communicable diseases.
(Maj. James E. Phillips, M. C.)
- Capt. Victor N. Meddis, M. C. Urology and venereal diseases.
- Maj. John Dibble, M. C. Materia medica.
- Maj. Gouverneur Emmerson, M. C. Principles of surgery, empyema.
(Capt. Chauncey E. Dovell, M. C.)
- Capt. Joseph Mendleson, M. C. Bandaging, anaesthesia.
(Capt. Carlton C. Starks, M. C.)
- Maj. Henry C. Dooling, M. C. Dermatology.
- Capt. Beverly M. Epes, D. C. Oral surgery, oral focal infections.

1926



A. N. C., ARMY MEDICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.



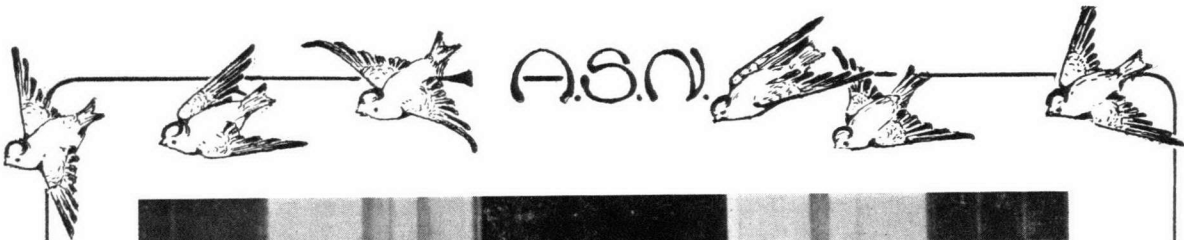


PERSONNEL OF THE RED CROSS



DIETITIANS—CLASS OF 1926—GRADUATES AND JUNIORS

1926

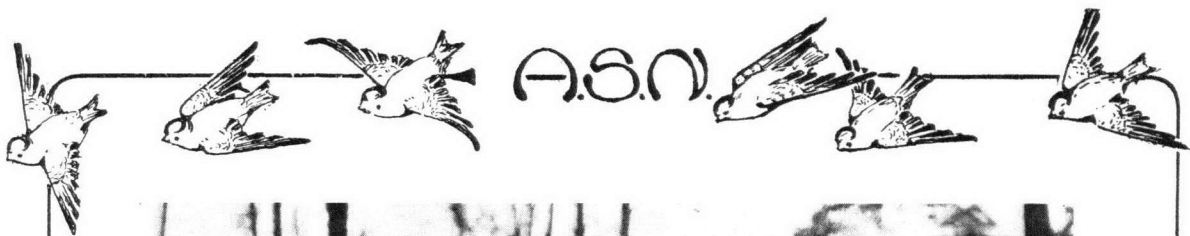


PHYSIO THERAPY AIDES



JUNIOR PHYSIO THERAPY AIDES

1926



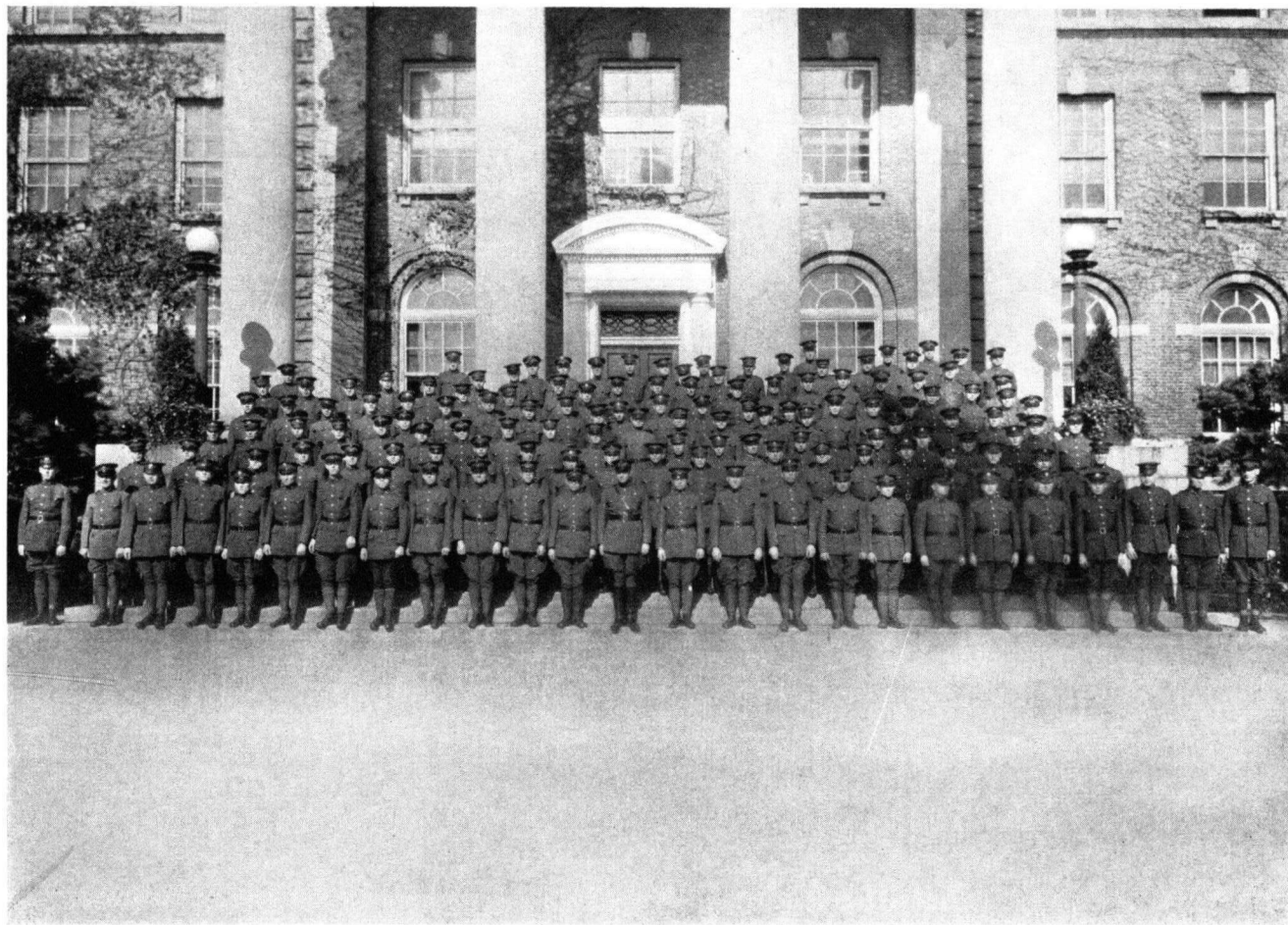
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY AIDES



JUNIOR OCCUPATIONAL AIDES

1926

1926



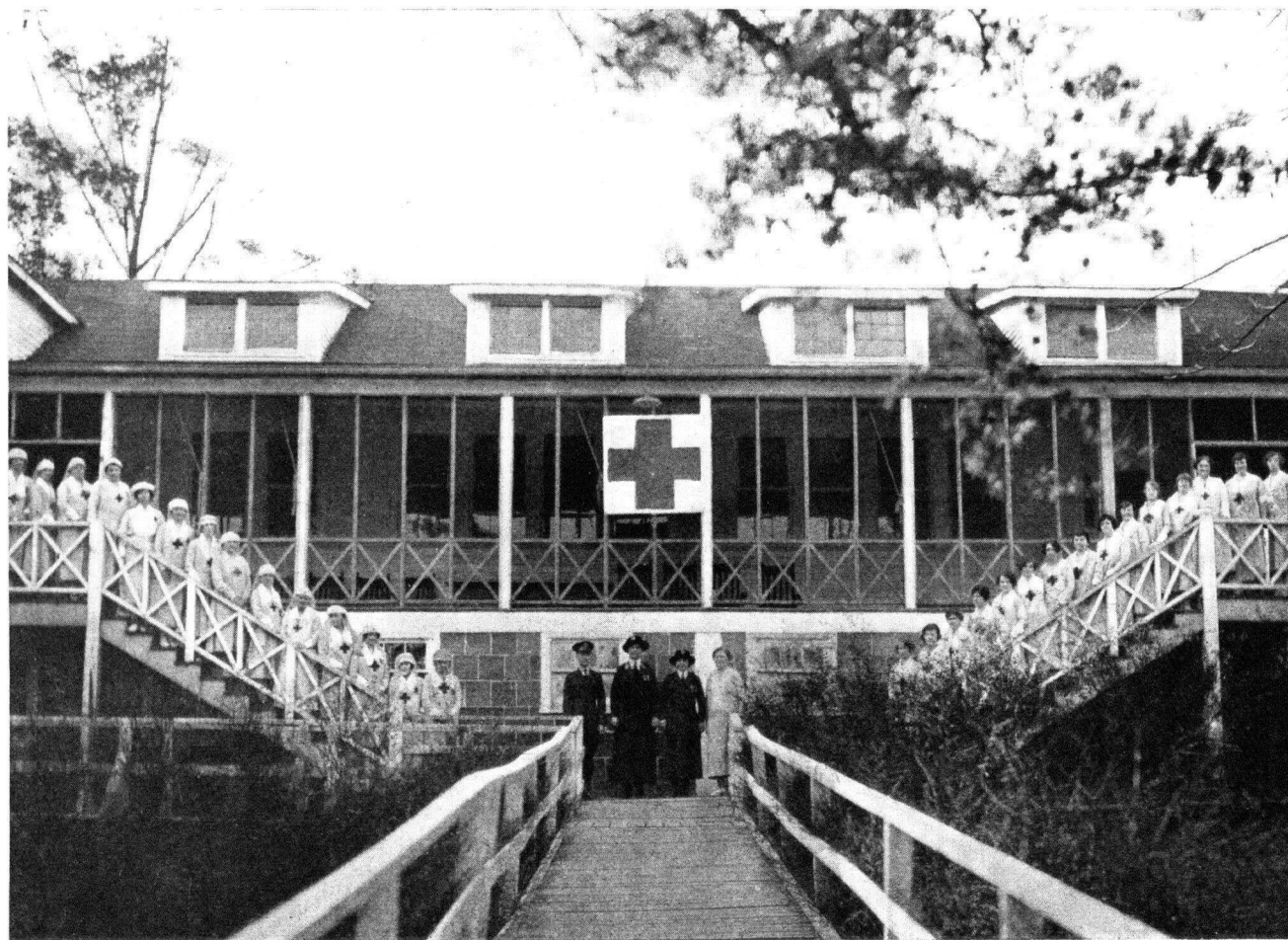
MEDICAL DETACHMENT—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER



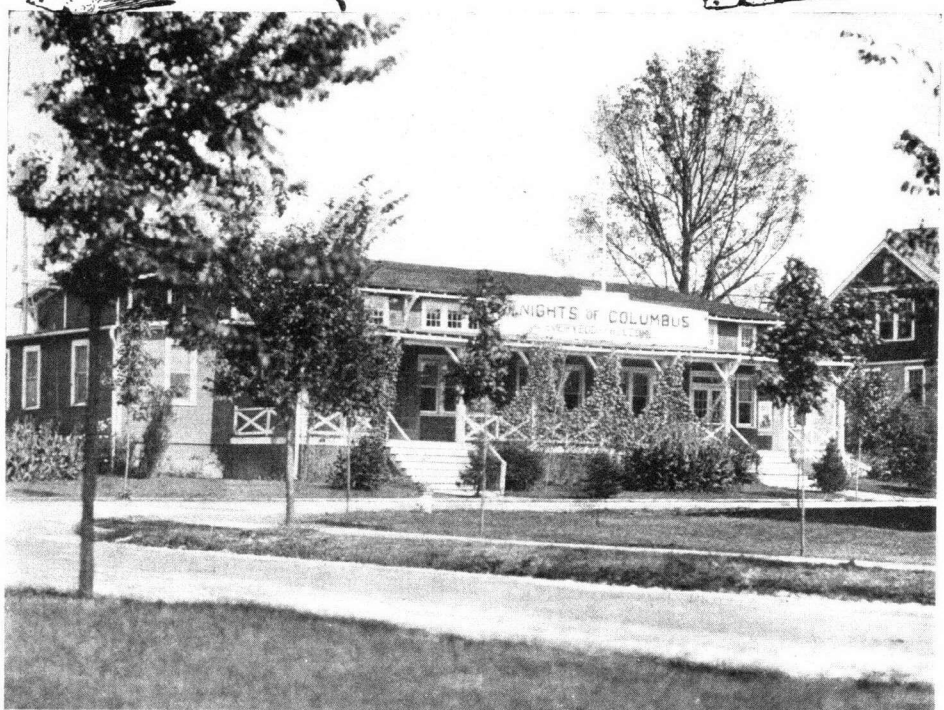
A.S.N.



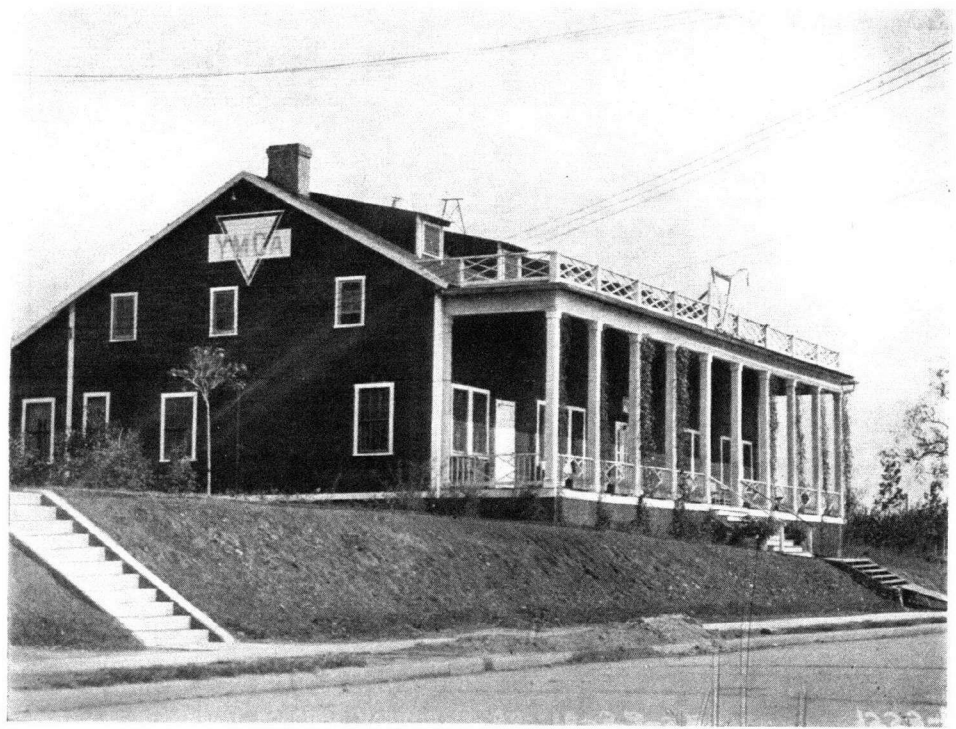
1926



RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOUSE—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

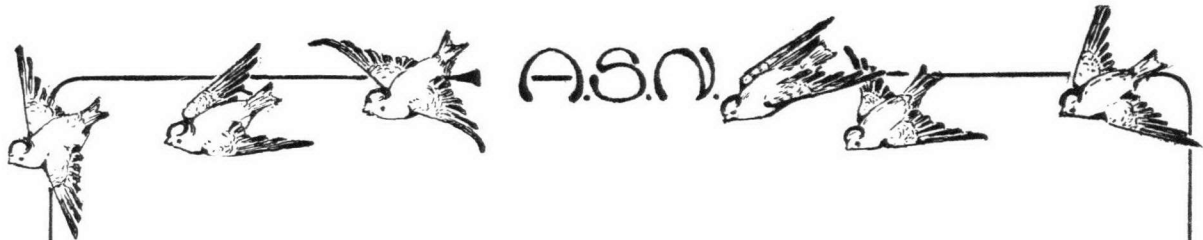


KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER



Y. M. C. A.—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

1926



POST LIBRARY—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER



POST LIBRARY PERSONNEL—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

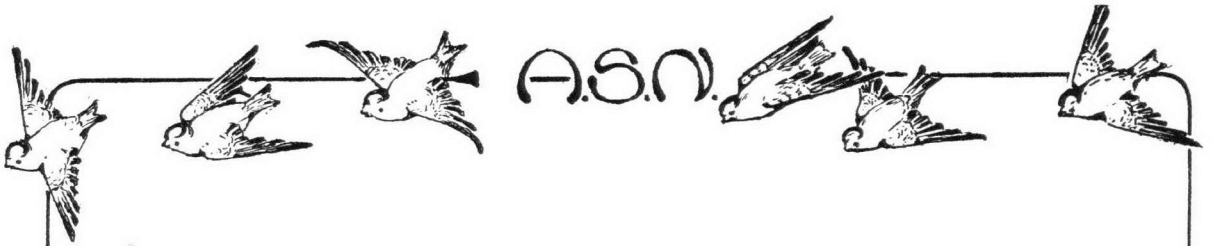
1926

1926



COMMANDING OFFICERS' QUARTERS—ARMY MEDICAL CENTER





Graduating Class
Army School of Nursing
Army Medical Center
Washington, D. C.



1926



1926

Class Officers

PRESIDENT

Catherine Bangs

VICE-PRESIDENT

Roselyn Doyle

SECRETARY

Ruth Boyd

TREASURER

Rachel Wilson

ANNUAL BOARD

LITERARY EDITORS

Barbara Miller

Edith Eastis

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Mary Pierce

Laura Wood

Augusta Short

ART EDITORS

Marion Harms

Elise Moore

FINANCIAL

Roselyn Doyle

Florina Corder

CLASS PROPHET

Edith Eastis

CLASS WILL

Doris Coolidge

FACULTY ADVISOR

Ruth I. Taylor

COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEE

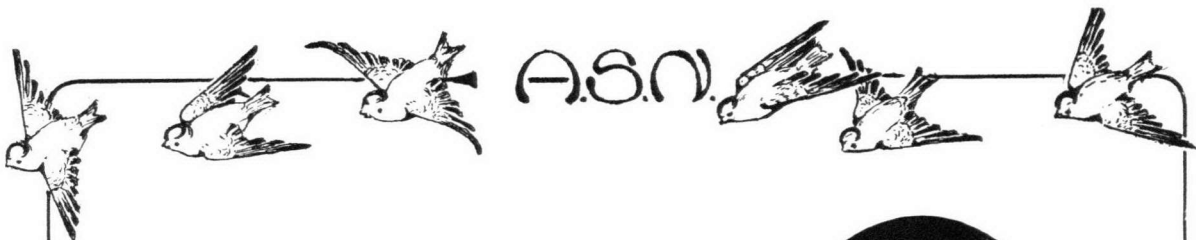
Helen Johnson, Chairman.

Roselyn Doyle.

Mildred Ellis

Isabel Young

1926



BERTHA ELSA ANDERSON

CLOQUET

MINNESOTA

*"She has a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
And a heart with equal love combined."*

From Cloquet, Minnesota, hails this charming little brunette, whose former experiences as teacher and secretary, together with the aid of her diligent study during the past three years have so admirably fitted her for a successful career in the broad field of nursing. To know "Bert" is to love her.



CATHERINE BLEECKER BANGS

BROOKLYN

NEW YORK

"Her greatness lies in deeds, not words."

Here's to "Bangs," our class president (and Colonel). Catherine is always foremost when there is work to do, and her sense of humor, coupled with her drawing ability, makes her the admiration and envy of us all. Her favorite pastime is hiking to the Dugout. Sincere and honest, with a thoroughness in her work, she is destined to go far in whatever she undertakes.

THERESA BELKNAP

IOWA CITY

IOWA

"Tress"—small of stature but—! Well—Tress is one of the best known girls in our school. She is a great theorist and she loves an argument; but she usually knows the "why and wherefore" of that for which she stands, and always she has the courage to stand by her convictions.





MARIE ELIZABETH BERG

EGYPT

PENNSYLVANIA

*"All other girls she quite excels
And yet her very action tells
No vanity within her dwells."*

There is no student in the class who is as hard a worker, or as conscientious a nurse as our "Minnie," and she can play as hard. She is a very lovable body and we of '26 are the better for having known her; nor are the beams of her candle limited to her classmates. Many are the prayers that have blessed her as she goes serenely on her way.

LOUISE BONEWITZ

CHICAGO

ILLINOIS

"Rosellen—now don't go without me"—immediately you know that "Bonnie" is somewhere near. "Bonnie," who is either laughing, kidding, or making a date, and saying it's the *very* last time, 'cause he bores her so. She has liked all of her training, but had a special fondness for the Third Floor and Public Health.



SUSAN RUTH BOYD

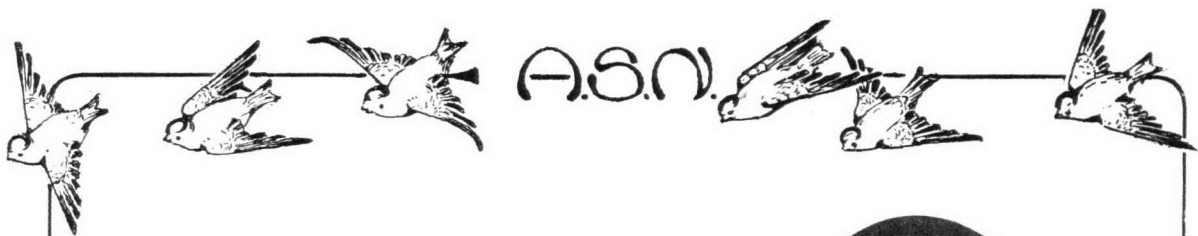
SPRING VALLEY

OHIO

*"A loyal friend, responsive and true,
Sincere and wholesome, Ruth, that's you."*

Her musical soul and charming personality have won a permanent place in our hearts, and we shall not forget her quickly. One is indeed fortunate to claim her as a friend.





DORIS MARIAN COOLIDGE

WELLSBORO

PENNSYLVANIA

Speaking of favorite requests or expressions, Doris' pet is, "Bonnie, are you very tired?" and on receiving an affirmative reply will say, "Oh, but you can sit down and be tweezing my eyebrows too." It's very hard to say just one special nice thing about Doris, when she has so many merits, so just remember what a clever girl that makes her.



ANNA FLORINA CORDER

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Those eyes and smiles would win the heart of anyone. She put her whole soul into her work and was never found wanting. Florina, we love you.

FRANCES MABEL CROSSON

LAPEL

INDIANA

Quiet, always even-tempered, always ready for a lark or for helping someone out; always seeing the amusing side of everything; beloved of everyone in the class—"Mademoiselle Crosson."





AGNES DAVIS

SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA

Our "Davey" is one of the most conscientious and hard working girls. Agnes is mighty big hearted and always there when duty calls.

ROSELLYN DOYLE

DETROIT

MICHIGAN

"Shut the door, girls, I just heard some scandal," and Rosa is at it again. But many's the time when things would have been dull if it hadn't been for her news. We love her smiles and her nonsense and her wild plans for "doing something tonight." In fact Rose is always in the midst of things and her friends are many.



EDITH MAY EASTIS

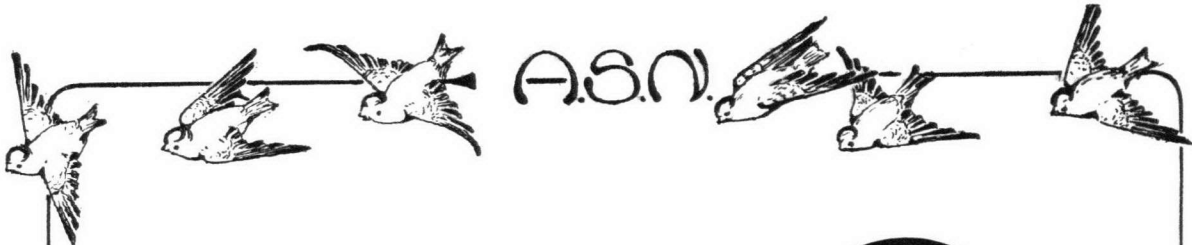
SOUR LAKE

TEXAS

*"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."*



The kind of girl one forgets!—indeed NOT, if you are fortunate enough to know her. She loves nursing and can scarcely restrain the song on her lips as she works. Her smiles, her curls, and her ability make a combination hard to be beaten. She writes poetry for a pastime. A noble woman in a noble profession, who is destined to go far.



MILDRED CONRAD ELLIS

HENDERSON

NORTH CAROLINA

"Time to wake up Mildred or you will be late"—to breakfast, lunch, supper or class, it doesn't matter which word you use, as Mildred is usually to be found taking her much needed rest! She came from the country where they say "Cherrien" and "Leben," but we love her just the same and admire her devotion to her studies, her interest in her work, and her fondness for her "Little Grey Rag."



MARGARET EDITH FRANCIS

SPRINGFIELD

MASSACHUSETTS

Could you imagine Margaret as a kindergarten teacher, yet to that profession she aspired until during her senior year at Richmond High School, she decided to become a nurse. Since that memorable day in October she has struggled, not unsuccessfully, to attain a certain height. Certain phases of the struggle have helped Margaret to choose Public Health work. We wish you luck, and may the little black bag be no heavier than your heart, which is always light.



BERT CUTTS HARDER

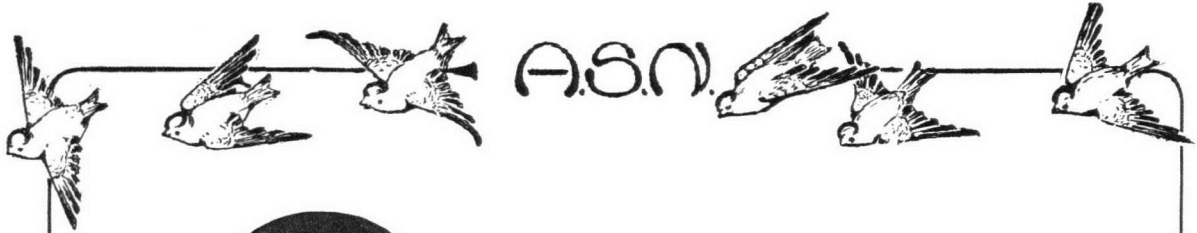
CORDELE

GEORGIA

"Berty," typical southern belle, languid, listless? No! But pep personified. Always starved to death. Never can decide which of her many dates to fill. Think, oh think! what a sweet morsel our class would have lacked without her.



1926



MARIAN HARMS

WELLSVILLE

NEW YORK

Gentle, lovable Marian. Never too tired to do one more kind deed. Never too hurried to lend a helping hand.

BESSIE OLIVE HART

DECATUR

ILLINOIS

She was not with us when we started, but we are glad to state that she was with us before we finished. Interested in all of her work—a true nurse in spirit as well as deed—but it is surgery that especially claims her heart. And off duty it's basketball and books and hiking. Though she loves but few, her friends are many and our best wishes go with you always "B. Olive."

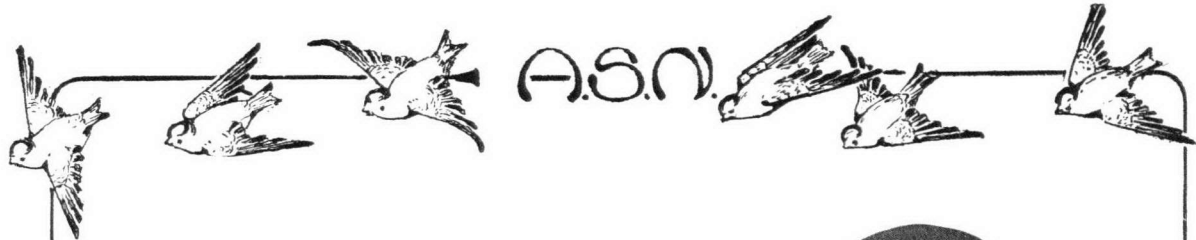


EDNA MARIE HOLLIS

WYALUSING

PENNSYLVANIA

That red hair is an indication of a "red hot temper" is certainly disapproved in the case of Edna, for a sweeter disposition we have seldom seen. Her greatest worry, "to bob or not to bob" and we are kept in a constant state of uncertainty as regards the length of her tresses. She is usually to be found around Christine or making tracks for the shower. One whom we were all glad to know.



CHRISTINE MARIE HOWELL

WYALUSING

PENNSYLVANIA

Much laughter and giggles and here is Christine. We doubt if there were ever a situation so grave that she wouldn't see the funny side of it. And yet she can take her share of responsibility and handle it in a way that would be worthy of the best. Her "Oh dear—what shall I do?" is eloquent in every case, and in either play or duty we all love Chris.



GLENNA PORTIA IRICK

HADLEY

ILLINOIS

"Tiny"—serene and calm as a midsummer day, sweet and gracious as a court lady, restful as quiet music at eventide, but withal the rightful owner of a keen wit and an indestructible sense of humor. What would life be without our "Tiny."

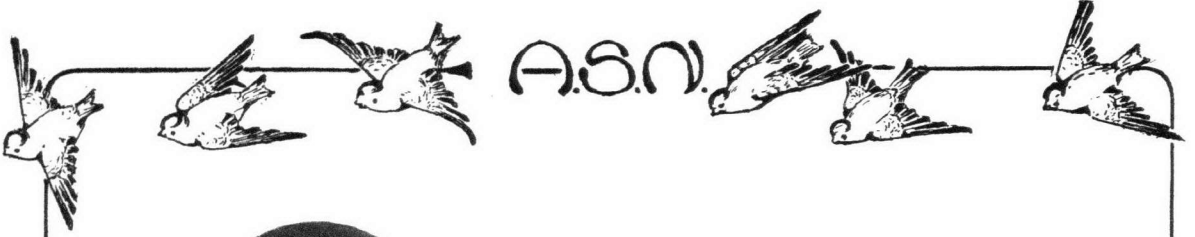
BEULAH MAY JOHNSON

SOUTH LONDONDERRY

VERMONT

"Johnny"—calm, quiet, sincere—never hurried or fussed, used to knowing what she wants and getting it in the shortest, easiest way possible, always *there*—that's Johnny. There are many phases to her character, some well known to all who know her and a few suspected only by her most intimate friends. She is the possessor of a keen intellect, with tendencies toward all things scientific. She reads Astrology and Mind over Matter, and **LIKES** them. A shark at tennis, a duck at swimming, a tireless walker and an all-around good scout, to say nothing of her witchcraft and palmistry, these make "Johnny" a very popular young woman.





HELEN VIOLET JOHNSON

WORCESTER

MASSACHUSETTS

So capable, so thorough, so efficient. A good sport, a real nurse, the best of pals. She sees only the bright side of life and her cheerful disposition has won many hearts.

GRAYCE JONES

NOBLESVILLE

INDIANA

Grayce by name and gracious by nature. She has a musical, regular, and harmonious disposition.

She is a nurse whom the Hoosier State will always be proud to claim.

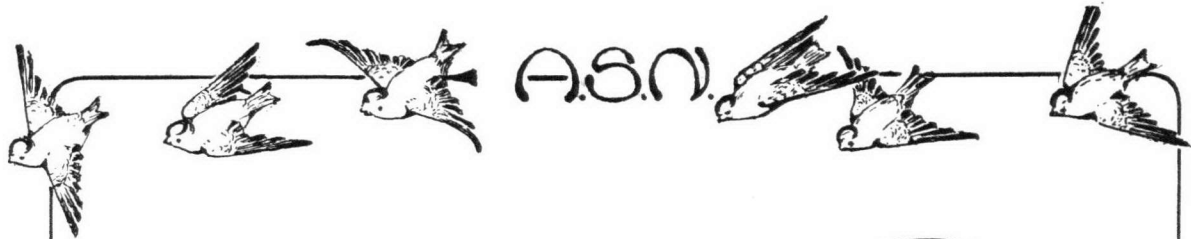


HELEN MIRLE KENNER

COLUMBIA CITY

INDIANA

She came way from Indiana, but she was soon at home with us. What does she like best Oh, tennis, at any time a day, and you wouldn't wonder if you saw her play. And next? Little "nigger babies"—the blackest, the homeliest, but to her the cutest. As a girl she's a real pal, as a nurse a success, and what more could you ask?



DOROTHY MAE KURTZ

EDGEWOOD ARSENAL

MARYLAND

"Margaret Francis—Alice Wickward--where are you at?" This is Dorothy Mae calling the other two of the trio. "Dot" is famous for her "last go trades." Every little bit of enthusiasm "Dot" can muster is shown when watching a basketball game at the "Y." "Dot" is the best "Buddie" and "Pal" a girl could possibly have.



IRENE LANGEVIN

SPRINGDALE

CONNECTICUT

Our baby—the little one of the class. How we love that laugh and chatter! Irene, we know you will be successful, because you were one of the best in the gang.

VIRGINIA LONG

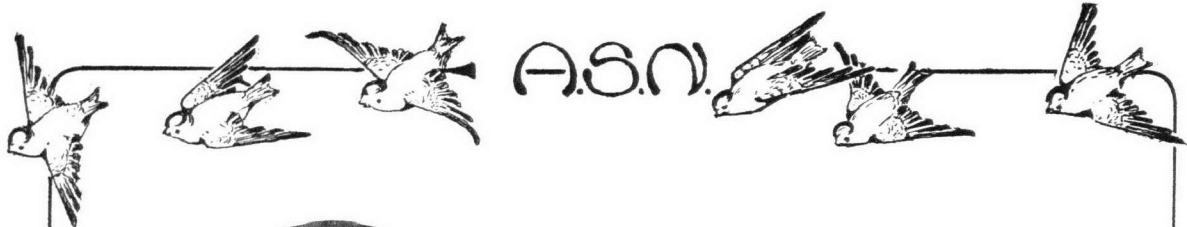
HERNDON

VIRGINIA

Another one from the south and proud of it, as they all are. She taught school before she came to us, but long ago decided that she liked nursing best and we must admit that we are glad.

"'Ken.!' oh 'Ken.!' come here," and Virginia bursts in all news and laughs and secrets. Enthusiastic in both work and play, we are sure she will go far in her future work.





ALTA MORTON McNEIL

WOLF POINT

MONTANA

*"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."*

Alta has a gentle personality, subdued in speech and reserved in manner. She is known by her immaculate neatness, dancing brown eyes, and her winsome smile. Her being one of us has helped to make our pleasures full.

BARBARA CHANNING MILLER

CHESTER

VERMONT

We wonder—

What would happen if Barbara couldn't say "just suppose."

Why people say she is so innocent looking.

How she makes so many devoted friends.

What breaks in her when she has one of her giggling spells.

And last of all, what, oh what, Bobs, makes you so sweet?

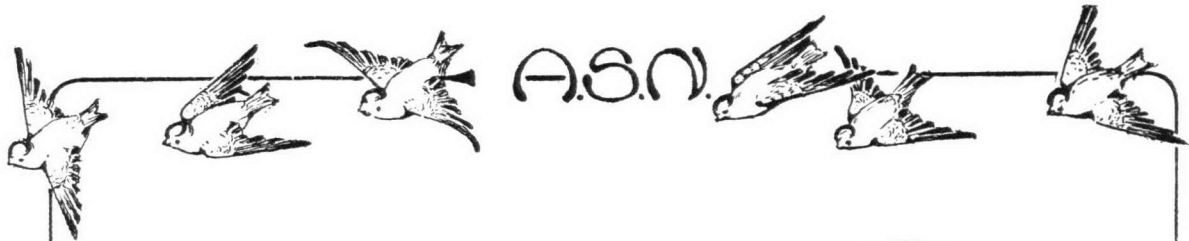


ELISE MOORE

BLANCHE

NORTH CAROLINA

"Ah declah" she's one of our prettiest class members. You all'd reckon she was from the south when you heard her first word. Elise, why is it you always like to face the East? She is clever at drawing, loves dancing, and is a splendid nurse.



CLARA JACK PERRY

MOUNT STERLING

ILLINOIS

*"There is friendliness in her smile,
Wit in her speech,
And energy in her deeds."*

Sunny of disposition, conscientious and thorough in her work, with a steadfastness of purpose, "Perry" is admired and loved by all. She is one to whom nursing is the joy of life, especially Pediatrics, and in whatever she undertakes there go with her the best wishes of the Class of 1926.



MARY ALICE PIERCE

AUXVASSE

MISSOURI

*"Behold this maiden fair,
With golden hair and eyes of blue,
A sunny smile and happy disposition."*

After having traversed practically every state in the Union, and given fair trials to almost every line of work open to the fair sex, "Our Mary" decided to try out the noblest of professions, Nursing. She is a real nurse, capable and energetic, and has made many friends. We know that success is in store for her.



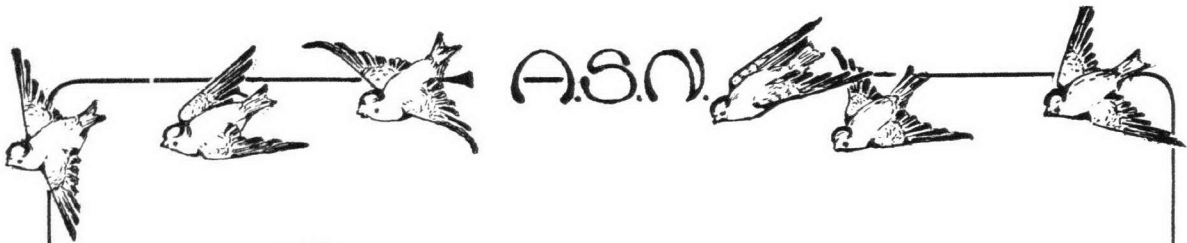
FRANCES REIDER

CAMP LEWIS

WASHINGTON

"Frances" is the girl with a veritable retinue of beaux. We have never known her not to have an escort lurking somewhere in the landscape. Good luck to you, "Frances," and may the right man eventually come along.





EDITH ROBIN

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Edith's giggle certainly is contagious. When she is around we are all wreathed in smiles, holding our sides and brushing away tears of laughter.

MRS. GRACE GARRISON SANFORD

WASHINGTON

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

How proud we feel to boast of a member of the '21 class. Mrs. Sanford is the girl who "gets what she goes after," and many of us are envious of her perseverance and never failing "pep." Here's to the success that you are bound to achieve.

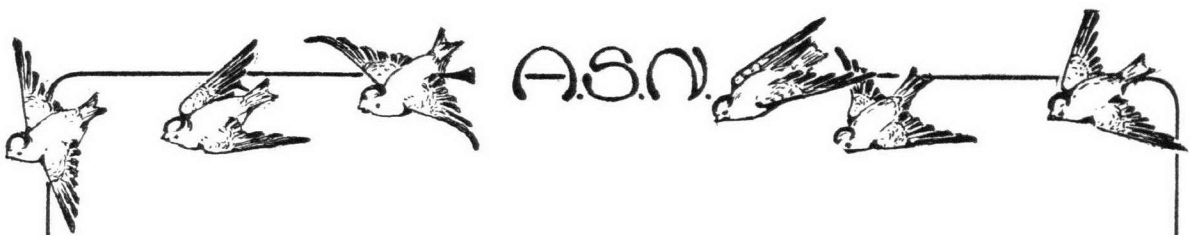


LOIS HELEN SEARS

NEILSVILLE

WISCONSIN

The jolliest member in the class. There are no dark clouds for Lois, she is the same in cloudy weather and fair.



AUGUSTA SHORT

MERIDIAN

MISSISSIPPI

"Still water runs deep."

"Gus"—quiet and poised, always ready to go anywhere, do anything, or help anybody. A girl with an uncommon ability to make and keep friends. Gus comes from down south, where girls still obey their mothers and everybody takes quinine in the summertime, but "Gus" usually does as she pleases.



LILLIAN AGNES STECHER

MONTVERDE

FLORIDA

"Hello, girls!" and here comes "Stecher." Always busy on duty and off. A real friend to those who had the privilege of knowing her well. Interested in? Well, most anything, putting her heart into whatever lay at hand. Is it a wonder that we like her?

ADELENE VAN OSTRAN

DELPHI

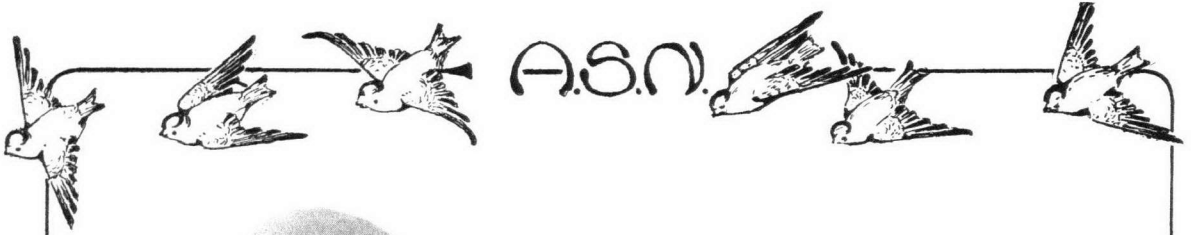
INDIANA

How well that line from Tennyson fits her—

*"Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline."*

Getting up before breakfast and hiking for miles is her hobby. She is always ready to answer to our beck and call. An enthusiastic worker and willing to do her bit.





MARTHA ELIZABETH WATKINS

BLANCH

NORTH CAROLINA

"Beth"—another girl from Dixie. One of the most wildly enthusiastic of the basketball fans. Best candy maker in the U. S. A. Leader in the C. E. at Walter Reed. A real friend and always ready to help.

LUCY ALICE WAUGH

COLUMBIA CITY

INDIANA

Sweet and sincere, with an inexhaustible supply of sympathy for all people and things; generous to a fault; with the uncommon ability to find good in everyone—that's our "Sally." Added to her other lovable qualities is that intangible trait, inherited, no doubt, from her beloved kinsman, James Whitcomb Riley, called "humaneness," which all in all, give her a personality which should make her a success in her future life.

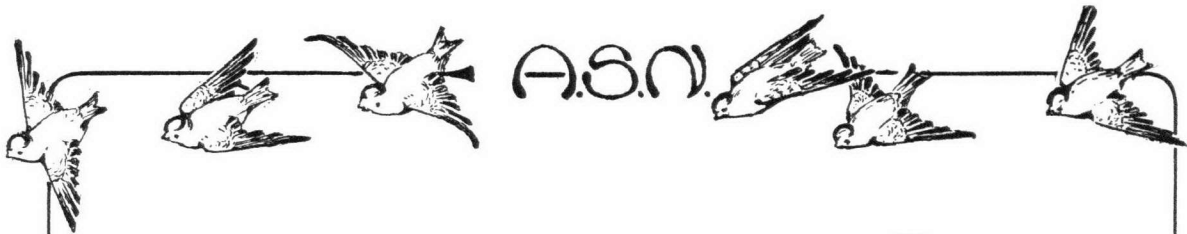


ALICE CHAUNCEY WICKWARD

SPRINGFIELD

MASSACHUSETTS

If you would know the latest, ask "Wick," for she's right on the job every minute. This tall, dark "Musketeer" may be found hiking, at basketball games, at the Library, or wherever the crowd is; she's one of the best buddies in the class. Hurray for Massachusetts and "Wick."



RACHEL GREINER WILSON

LYNDHURST

VIRGINIA

*"Always working earnestly,
Never known to shirk,
But with every little duty,
Some fun must lurk."*

This is surely true of "Rachel." Working always as long as there is anything to be done and ever willing to lend a helping hand to you. But no joke escapes her, and her sense of humor is nearly as great as her executive ability which has proved itself by her secretaryship. She is interested in everyone and it can truthfully be said that everyone returns it.



LAURA KEENE WOOD

ROANOKE

VIRGINIA

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear."

We can truthfully say that there is no more thorough and consistent student in the class than Laura K. Her motto is "Do it Now." We all envy her that admirable trait of character known as punctuality. She is always up with case records, and we have never known her to be late to class. With her capacity for work and her thirst for knowledge, she is bound to make a name of which the A. S. N. may justly be proud.

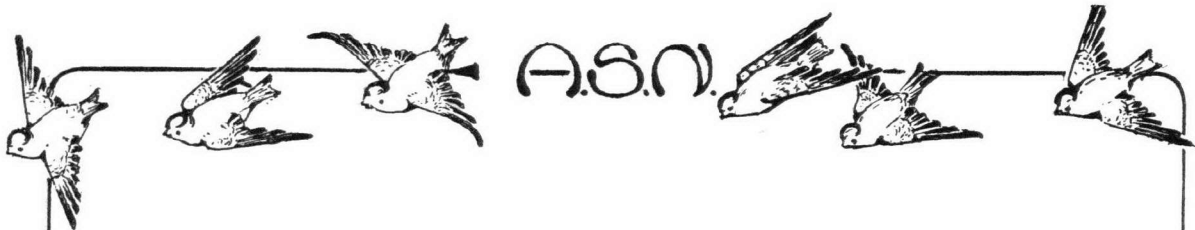
ISABEL MARIE YOUNG

WOLF POINT

MONTANA

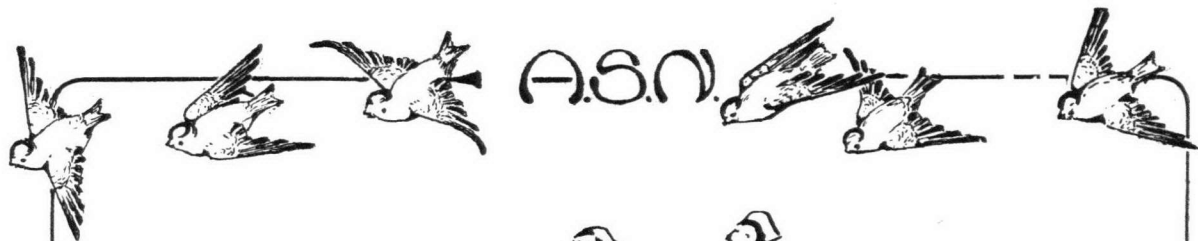
A little lady, but one who makes us remember that "many precious things come in small packages." Izzy is one of those fortunate mortals who always seem to be fairly glowing with health. She sets great store by tennis and basketball, both as player and fan, but she is essentially as feminine as a pearl necklace. Sweet-tempered and capable, she is the embodiment of the modern American Girl, who is competent to handle any situation to which she sets her mind and hand.





A DAY WITH THE PROBIES

1926



Probie Days

HALT! Who comes there? The Probies of 1923 are approaching as the graduating class of 1926.

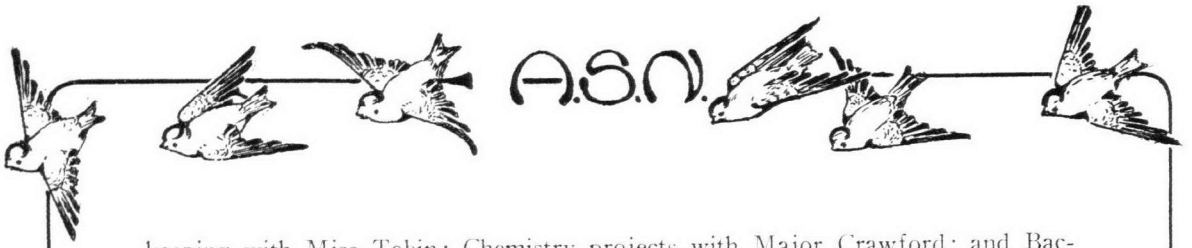
As we visualize these three years of experience and travel through the Army School of Nursing, let us reflect and recall our Probie Days. How we gathered in from the various corners of this U. S. A. Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Michigan, Ohio, Texas, Vermont and West Virginia each gave us one; two arrived from each of the following corners—California, District of Columbia, Montana, New York, and Wisconsin; three hailed from each—Massachusetts, North Carolina and Virginia; while Illinois and Pennsylvania each granted us four more. Indiana was the most liberal state in the Union, since she loaned us six of her daughters.



Most all were soon tucked in their own little white bed in Quarters Seven.

Who can ever forget those physical examinations and the Oath of Allegiance? Then came those awful vaccinations and inoculations to dampen our vim. Very shortly followed those delightful setting-up exercises so early each morning. Mental alertness tests showed up our geniuses and near-geniuses.

Long to be remembered are those classes in Anatomy and History of Nursing with Miss Melby; False and True Tests in Practical Nursing and Hospital House-



keeping with Miss Tobin; Chemistry projects with Major Crawford; and Bacteriology lectures with Major Scott.

If some works of art you wish to see, just linger in the halls of Quarters Five, and gaze at the posters made by members of our brilliant class of '26 at the close of our course in Hygiene with Miss Smith. And the memory of the tasty dishes made in the Domestic Science class under the direction of Miss Field still makes a good example for reflex action in psychology.

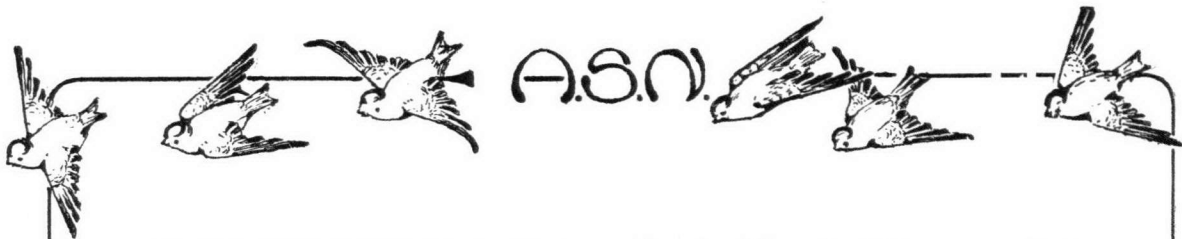
Can't you just feel those thrills that came the first time you gave a hypo under Miss Taylor's supervision?

Then came our final demonstrations and exams to qualify us for our capping party which brought our Probie Days up the hill to our Junior Plane of Progress.

M. A. P., '26.



1926



Bonnie: "You should have seen Bert dance the Charleston last night!"

Rosellyn: "Dance nothing; she was just standing there watching and a June bug fell down her back!"

Jack: "Want anything in yours?"

Laura: "No, guess I'll take it straight this time."

Jack: "Me too. Waiter! Two black coffees!"

Room 6: "Hey, you're snoring!"

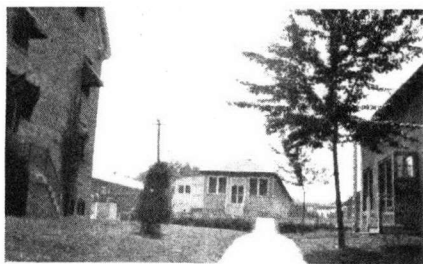
R. 8: "How do you know?"

R. 6: "Heard you."

R. 8: "Well, don't believe everything you hear."

Lois: "My, how short your uniform is!"

Marion: "O, that's all right; 'twill be long enough before I get a new one."



A. S. N.: "My roomie and I can't agree. Every time I raise a window she pulls it down."

Miss Schulte: "Too bad. Guess I'll have to move you into the front room—there's two windows in there."

Visitor: "Have you completed your training?"

A. S. N.: "Yes; all but the remaining time."

Maj. Francis: "Have you ever had hallucinations?"

Patient, Ward 23: "Yes, twice. The first time it didn't take, but the second time it left a big scar."

Edna: "D'you know why you haven't red hair?"

Christine: "No; why?"

Edna: "Ivory doesn't rust."





The Capping Party

IT WAS February 1, 1924, that the most important event of our school days at W. R. G. H. occurred. We didn't mind the cold night—that was a minor affair. For four long months we had struggled along as probationers, looking ever forward to the day when we should be accepted as student nurses and receive our little white crowns of glory.



At last the day arrived. Yes, we were really going to get the caps. Dame Rumor had whispered around, times without number, that seven girls were not to be accepted; then it went to ten, and eventually reached the point where only half the class was to stay. But this proved to be untrue, for when we were gathered in the Nurses' Red Cross Hut

that night, the first thing that met our eyes was the table covered with beautiful snow-white caps. Thirty-five of them—one for each Happy Probationer, so soon to be a Student Nurse.

General Glennan and Mrs. Flikke were present, also Miss Tobin and several others of the class of 1921. The Senior Section of our own class formed a receiving line and gave us a hearty welcome. Mrs. Flikke presented the caps as General Glennan gave us our letters of acceptance. The party at the Red Cross Hut ended with dancing and music at 10 P. M., but not the Capping Party for us in Quarters Seven. It lasted well into the wee sma' hours of the night:

"How does mine look?"

"Aren't you proud of it?"

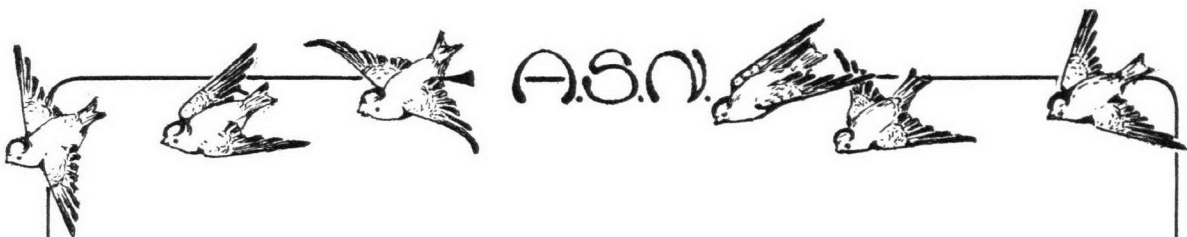
"Stand over—let me see!"

these were a few of the phrases that were heard for hours.

The Capping Party is one long to be remembered and one that most of us hold sacred.

C. J. P., '26.





Our First Day on the Wards

IT HAD come at last—this day which we had anticipated for so long—December 15th, 1923, and we were to go on the wards. For once everyone in Quarters Seven was up early without protest. This time there was no search for the missing collar or cuff link—everything had been prepared and more than prepared the night before.

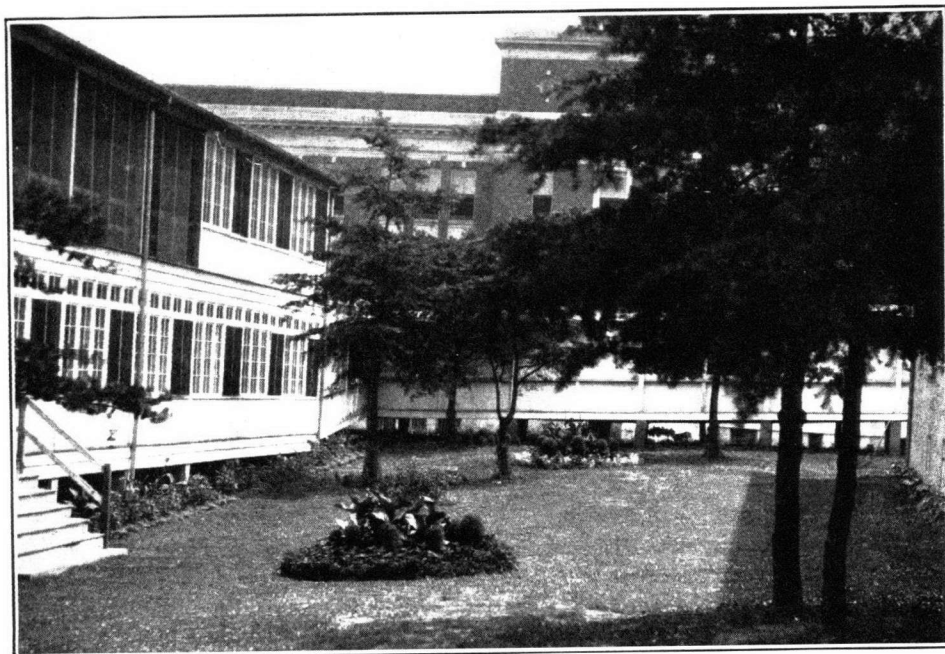
Breakfast—it was a minor detail—we were far too nervous to eat. And then the wards themselves. The rows of white beds divided by the aisle of polished floor, and in these beds people who were sick, whom we were scared to touch, for fear that something dreadful might happen to them.

Who will ever forget the terrors of the first bath? The gentle dabs with the washcloth? Or later our chagrin when we heard the patients laugh at our ideas of their intense breakableness. There was so much to see. The medicine cabinets stunned us. While the thoughts of ever giving a hypo had much more effect on us than a good dose of any drug would have had. Would we ever learn to make these beds? Legs suspended, arms tied up, cradles, tractions, Bradford Frames—surely mere nurses could never do all this, and yet we were told they did.

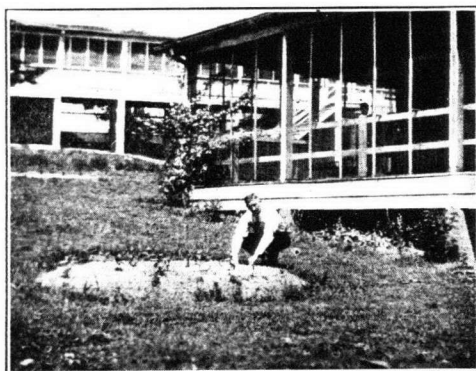
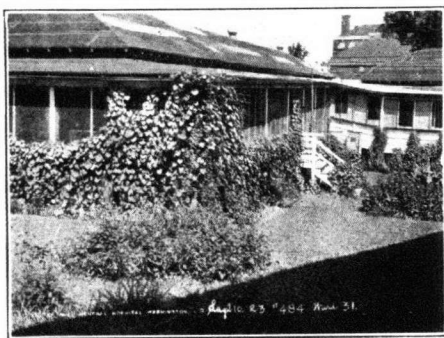
But somehow we managed to get through, and at the end of two hours we were a far wiser—a far more subdued, although a far more enthusiastic bunch of "Probies."

B. C. M., '26.





SPRING at Walter Reed is greeted with a great stir and bustle of activity. O. T. Aides are to be seen on every ward sorting flower seed, marking beds, and directing planting. Patients who have

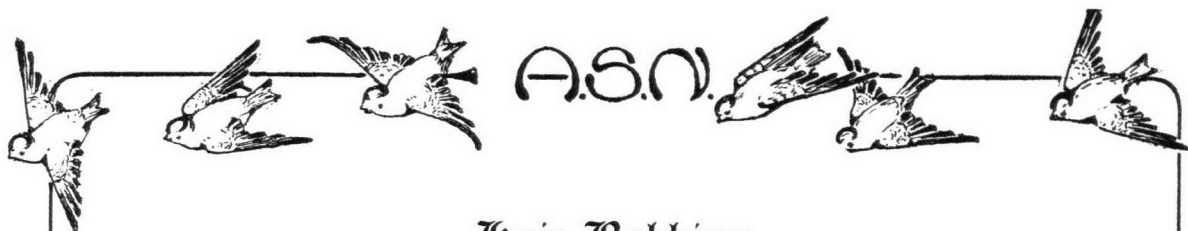


hibernated (so to speak) through the winter, venture out to look and find themselves helping before they realize it. Charge nurses, student nurses and ward men talk "early bloomers" and "good combinations" all day. P.R.N. Even the K. P.'s condescend to lend

their able assistance and advice, while the ward surgeons are troubled at night by dreams in which various rakes, hoes, and like tools charged to their list of nonexpendable property have gone A.W.O.L. Yes, spring is a busy time but none of the time spent can be begrudged when one sees the beautiful results of it. Every ward garden is a beauty spot and it must be a hard job for the judges to pick out the three best ones to award prizes.

E. M. E.

1926



Hair Bobbing



TO BOB or not to bob—that was the burning question. There were many who had spent the summer painstakingly tending, curling and growing out their locks for the great event of October. For were they not to enter upon the Great Unknown, with fear and misgiving on the one hand, and hope and courage on the other? They

must have all the dignity they could muster, therefore, nothing was left untried that was said to aid in the long and tedious process. And for those who had withstood the great temptation and retained their flowing tresses with which Nature had endowed them—was it not proof positive of their ability to succeed in the face of difficulties? The very thought gave pride and dignity to the fair possessors.

But the day was soon to come, when even the fairest of fair hair could not survive, in spite of what Mr. Darwin has to say to the contrary (survival of the fittest, y'know).

It was a chilly night in April and it seemed that everyone was in quarters (nothing is impossible, you know) except two who sat keeping each other company and studying with ever a vigilant ear for the telephone—this little job being one at which we took turns in the early days—and to them out of a clear sky came word that hair was being bobbed in Quarters Seven.

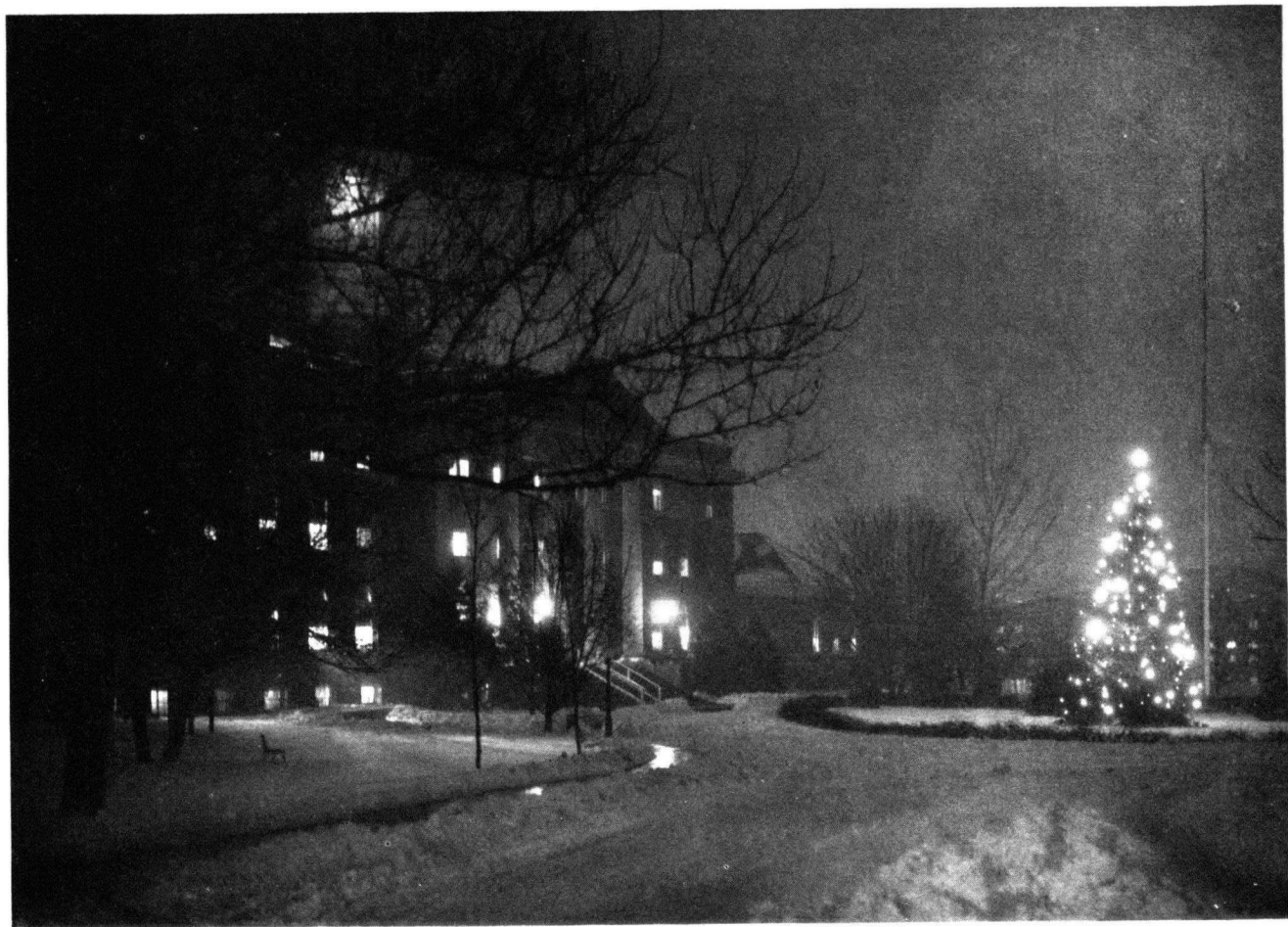
Oh, no! A mistake! It couldn't be—and yet—it was! Spring was in the air despite the cold, probation over, the first milestone passed, caps now sat upon our heads. Excitement ran high and recklessly the scissors flew; but those two on telephone detail remained steadfast, each supporting the resolution of the other.

Ten o'clock arrived at last, and keen with anticipation, but with an air of slight disdain the two bell hoppers returned to view the results of the night's work. Such is the inconsistency of humanity (oh, Frailty, thy name is Woman!), that ere the clock struck eleven, two more newly bobbed and glistening heads were being viewed sidewise, front back and between, while the scalps on the floor waxed higher and higher.

Oh! it was deliciously thrilly and chilly and exciting, that April night when we all bobbed our hair!

L. K. W., '26.

1926

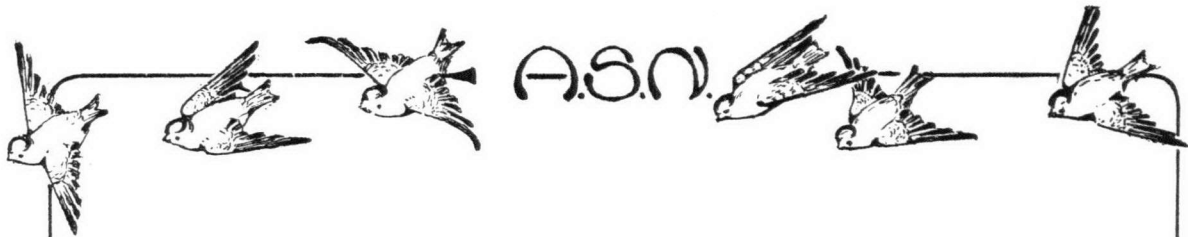


CHRISTMAS EVE



A.S.N.



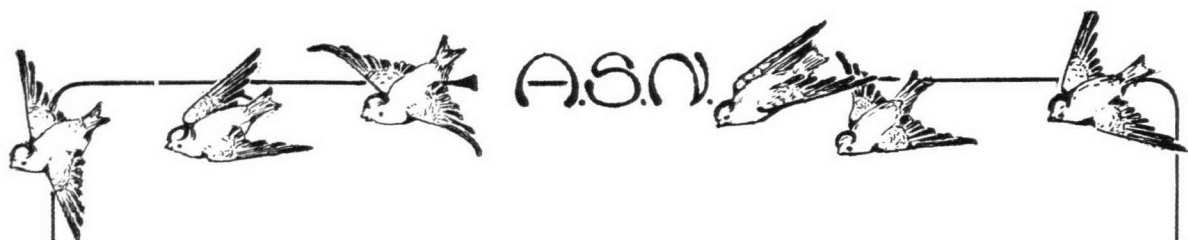


The First Christmas



MERRY CHRISTMAS! This is the greeting offered by the Calendar's last leaf. Holly and mistletoe, candy and nuts, apples and oranges, decorated trees and generous smiles, letters and packages—all are part of the glad spirit we experienced our First Christmas at Walter Reed.

To many of us Christmas suggests snowflakes and icicles, arctic temperatures and the inclination to sit indoors with friends and books. Yet many in our class have no knowledge of a white Christmas other than that gained from hearsay. Out in California, for example, the skies and ocean are blue—that soft enticing blue—and flowers in brilliant dresses are nodding in the breeze. Down in Georgia, the famed peaches and cream State, and other sections of the South, children are romping under palm trees, and their elders are sipping iced drinks.



Feasting such as we have read about in old time books—or have heard described by our forefathers—all was in evidence. We can see the dining rooms—aglow with candle light, the festoons of holly, snow and ribbons.

Everything from the oyster cocktail to the mints was consumed in the true Army fashion. Each girl left with her hands full of apples, nuts and candies—forgetful for the minute of the rooms already crowded with such delicacies.

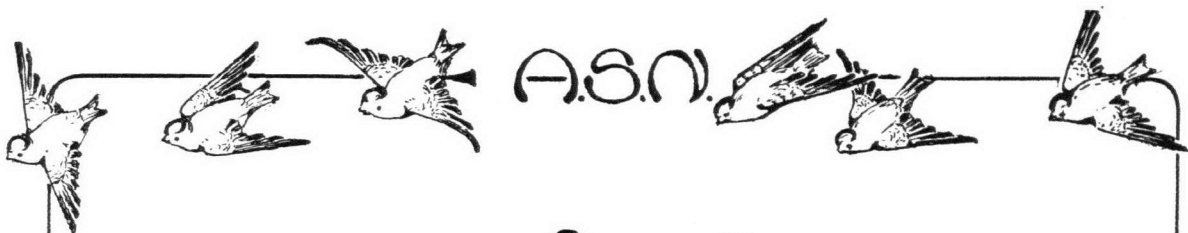
Christmas Eve we all gathered in the Nurses' Recreation Hut, where presents from General Glennan, Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, and personal gifts from friends were received. We sang carols, danced and did all the things that children have always done since St. Nicholas joined the fairy band. Again we ate—again we bemoaned our limited capacity.

Slowly we departed to our various quarters to tuck ourselves into bed and dream—dreams of gifts, dreams of loved ones, and dreams of more like events to be enjoyed at Walter Reed.

P. G. I., '26.



1926



Cart Work

A pile of nines, a pile of fluffs

A group of fours, some twos.

The instruments and towels.

Is there anything more he'll use?

The Dakin tubes, some closed, some plain,

Nine inches all in length.

Some cotton balls and alcohol.

For my work, Lord, give me strength.

Adhesive strips, and safety pins.

Drugs, scissors and flash light,

Scalpels and other dreadful things

That haunt me through the night.

The rows and rows of bandages,

And gauze called Vaseline.

Some things whose names I've never heard

And some I've rarely seen.

A probe you say? and Kelly's

One straight and one that's curved?

Where are my handling forceps,

He'll think I've never served!

Now let me see, what was it

That he used here yesterday?

Oh, I wonder why all Doctors

Have to do things the same way.

And I wonder why the Benzoin

Hid behind the Ichthyol,

And also why the Lassar's paste

From the tongue blade had to fall.

I know he thinks I'm hopeless.

Wonders how I got my cap.

Can it be that he is smiling!

What would you think from that?

Well, the last dressing's finished.

And I tried to do my part

In this terribly upsetting work.

They call "being on the cart."

B. C. M., '26.



1926

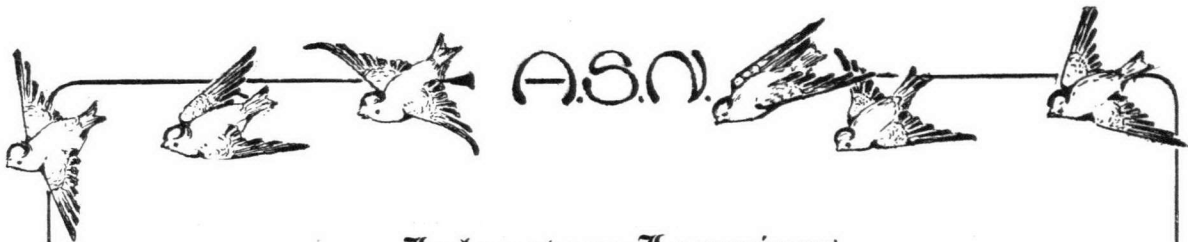


NURSES' QUARTERS NUMBER ONE, ARMY MEDICAL CENTER



A.S.N.





Laboratory Learnings

THE LIFE of an Army Student Nurse is just one thing after another, especially at first. She flits and flutters about until one is lost in amazement that she ever gets through on time and with everything that's coming to her! She does it, however—thanks to those level headed, imperturbable people back of all this flitting and fluttering, who weigh and calculate every move she makes, laying out a course for her which after the first giddy looking rises and swoops, settles into the sure, steady flight of the Bluebird straight to the three years' end when the bright blue of her plumage changes to the glistening white of that marvelous creature for which, as yet, a name has not been coined.

Now, what was it you wanted me to tell you about? Oh yes, now I remember, our two weeks at Laboratory course.

Well, its usually during the first summer that we get this little experience. There, among microscopes, culture tubes, pipettes, culture media, glass slides, guinea pigs and well informed personnel who direct our faltering fingers and instruct our blank minds in the mysteries of Bacteriology, Chemistry and allied subjects, we seek to get the desired slant on matters which hitherto have been as vague and unreal to us as Banquo's ghost, and have bothered us as little.

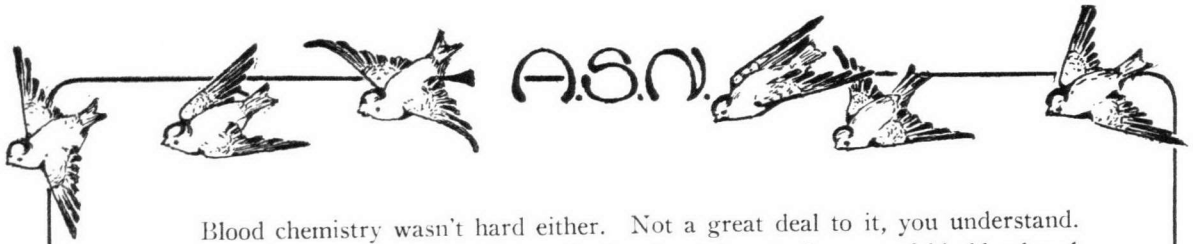
Bravely we struggle three and a half hours a day, six days a week for two weeks, but the goal is worth the struggle, for at the end of that time we leave having learned as much of what it's all about as those worthy souls who apply themselves seven days a week, fifty-two weeks and one day a year.

The first day is the hardest, but after that everything else is easy. One has to have a little time to get used to the new things, you see.

Now I'll stop beating around the bush and tell you exactly what we did and why and everything.

We learned to (watch others) mix culture media with the ease of a Southern Gentleman mixing a prewar mint julep. Forty-'leven dozen different kinds they make there, too, and all very complicated to the casual observer, but they didn't scare us. We knew all about them, for Major Scott had already explained them to us in Bacteriology class.

Blood counts were a cinch, all we had to do was get somebody to prepare a slide for us—no matter how, we did not have to learn that, they didn't ask us to—then all we had to do was count everything we could see under the microscope, get somebody (whoever prepared the slide probably) to count 'em all over and see if we had the right number, then write down what that person got. Absolutely all there was to it.



Blood chemistry wasn't hard either. Not a great deal to it, you understand. You know we starved the patient until after breakfast, took some of his blood and tested it to see if he had sugar and things in it. Simple, isn't it?

The Urinalysis room was really about the hardest. We had to be so accurate about acid and base and the like. But then, *anybody* with any brains at *all* ought to be able to make those tests if she just set her mind to it.

The place where the cultures are made was the most interesting of all. We went with somebody to the surgical wards, where we dug in the wounds with applicators, made smears on plates, went back to the Laboratory, put the plates in the incubator, waited twenty-four hours, took 'em out, found out what they meant and that's all there was to it, except copying it on the slips and getting Major Crawford to sign them.

I didn't care much about making T. B. smears, so I left most of that for the others to do. Ask Bertie and Rosellen about that part, they were up there at the same time I was.

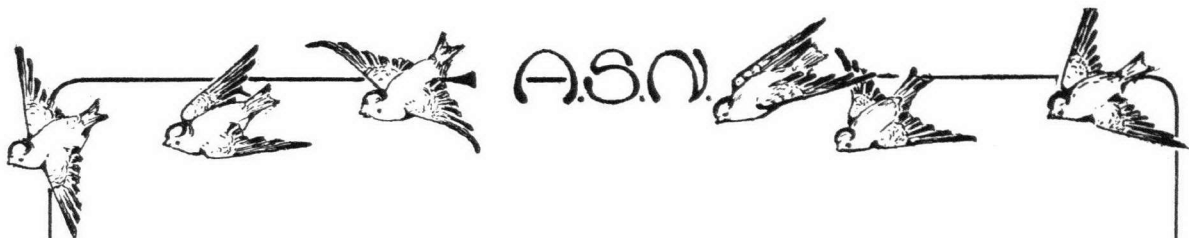
The Basal Metabolism tests took too much time and figuring, so I didn't bother much about them, either. It seemed to me that about all they did anyway, was bring a patient in about eight o'clock after having kept him quiet as possible all night, not letting him eat or sleep or do anything that might raise his blood pressure till he got there—then letting him breathe into some water through a garden hose till he went to sleep, then figure out how much his breath weighed. Maybe that wasn't exactly right, but it's near enough.

I'm afraid we didn't any of us learn much about the Wasserman tests. We just stayed in that room an hour, though, and Major Scott talked all the time, so we didn't get a chance to learn much about the tests. But it takes two or three days to complete a test anyway, I think, so it's just as well that he talked.

The animals were interesting, too. They had lots of them there. They use them for pets and sometimes to prove Koch's or somebody's theory. Anyway, Major Crawford injected some kind of disease germs under the skin of a guinea pig's abdomen, and a few days later he chloroformed the pig and when he cut him open he found that the pig had the disease. I don't see how he could expect the poor thing *not* to have it, though, when he gave it to him *himself* with that hypodermic syringe.

Well, I guess I've told you nearly everything there is to tell about the Laboratory. We *all* enjoyed our time there, and evidently the technicians enjoyed having us, at least they acted that way. They laughed at everything we did and I *don't* believe they were making fun of our technique, for we did as differently from what they tried to tell us as we possibly could.

E. M. E., '26.



Memoirs of The Diet Kitchen



THIS IS the place that turns out famous chefs—where panic stricken student nurses enter. Course six weeks. Graduates guaranteed not to burn muffins or themselves.

The first day we are educated in all the different fruits and vegetables and their habitations. The biggest gas range we ever saw, having ovens like miniature caverns, soon looms up in our path. We start in working, wondering what it is all about and how it will end. We soon learn to dodge the steaming kettles on their way when the warning "Hot stuff!" reaches our unaccustomed ears.

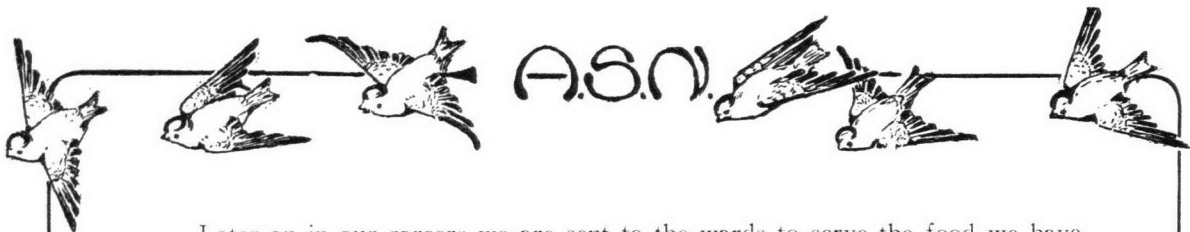
By the end of the week, if we have won the confidence of the dietitian, we are making custards by the gallon, muffins by the scores.

How we try the patience and get in the way of the real cooks, who have ten times as much to cook, we will never know in this world. Anyhow, they are long suffering martyrs to our cause. Credit is due the K. P. who stoically washes the heaps of dishes we use.

Inspection morning is trying to all souls when an unnecessary crumb or a dirty dish is worthy cause for ostracism. We just wish we could cook the inspector and be rid of him for good.

Our struggle in planning the menus sends our heads in a whirl. What this man likes that one hates—so try and solve the puzzle.

When we are assigned to "Diabetics" our language runs in grams and each morsel of food must be weighed. Then it is that time laughs at us and catches us with our work unfinished.



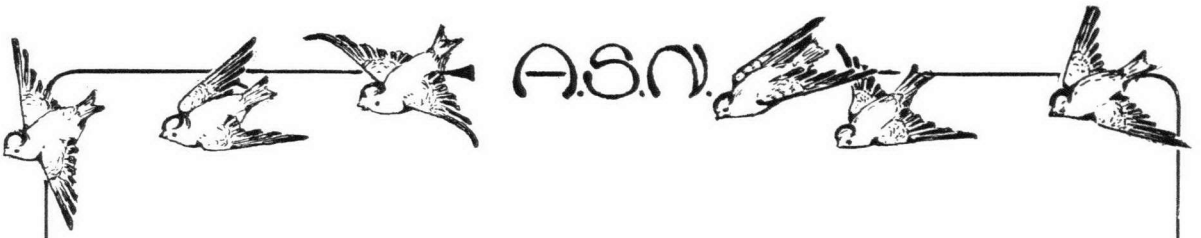
Later on in our careers we are sent to the wards to serve the food we have cooked. This takes a brave soul. When you run the gauntlet to ask how they enjoyed their meal you'll find someone who presents you with a hard muffin or something worse and asks you if you cooked THAT. You look him straight in the eye, swallow hard and murmur "Y-yes" and then flee.

IF you can keep your temper when there's no room on the stove to cook and yet by some dint of magic get things cooked; IF you can add just the right amount of salt to a huge kettle of vegetables; IF you can please the palates of half a dozen men and make them ask for more, THEN you are a COOK.

B. M. J., '26.



1926



Eye Clinic

7 o'clock and no one here,
Silence reigns and the coast is clear.

8 o'clock and Kowar comes
With a stack of brooms to sweep the crumbs.
The Student Nurse with her bunch of keys
And worst of all, two quaking knees.

9 o'clock and Major Spaeth!
The day has begun, work draws on apace.
Its cocaine and eye shields and window shades down.
Flash light just right, how we all rush around.

10 o'clock and the tension rises,
Fitting glass eyes of assorted sizes.
This ones too large, this ones too small,
This one won't match, they just won't do at all.

11 o'clock and we scarcely dare breathe
For fear we'll do something that might not please.
There's milk to boil for the Protein injection,
Subconjunctivals! how we wish he'd forget 'em!

12 o'clock and we stop to eat,
A lull in the storm that we're sure glad to greet.

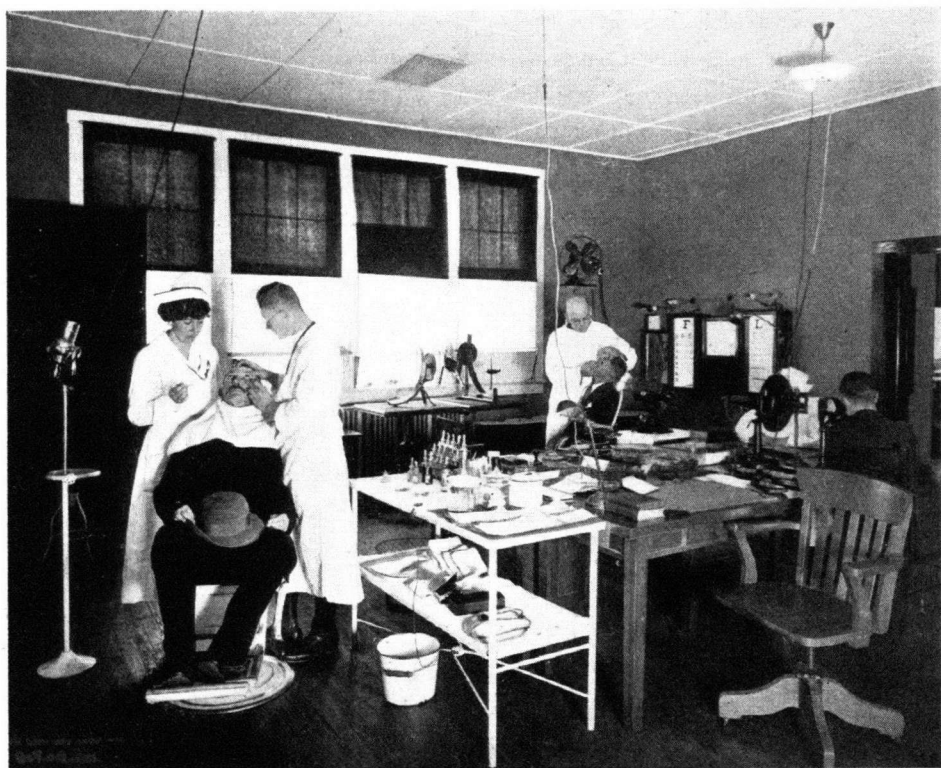
1 o'clock we begin again,
With Visual Fields as our end and aim.
To make the patient read the dot,
Red, white or blue, we care not what.

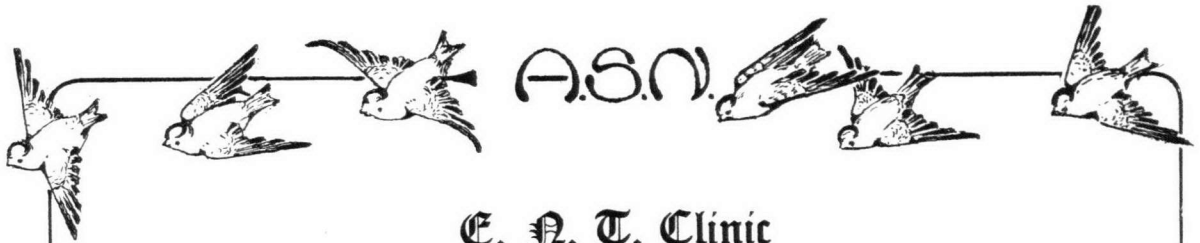
2 o'clock and we fix our minds
On sterile goods of various kinds.
Sheets and sponges, gowns and fours,
Counted carefully behind locked doors.

3 o'clock and we order drugs,
Then filter the medicine to clear out the bugs.
Check up the patients and balance the book,
To be sure there's no one we did overlook.

4 o'clock and we close the clinic,
With the work all done—on time to the minute!
We're tired to death but enjoyed it, too,
I wouldn't miss it for anything—would you?

B. C. M., '26.





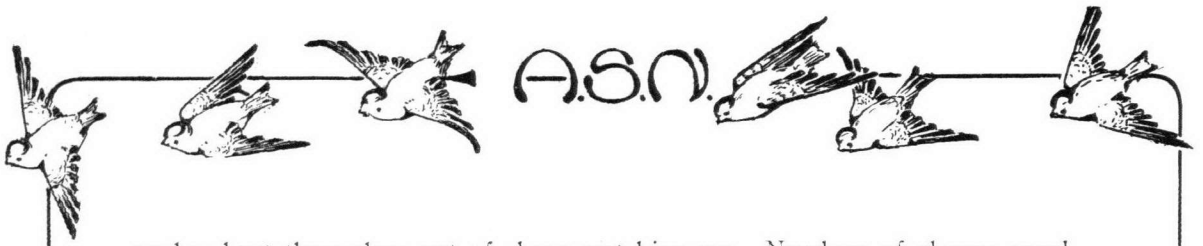
E. N. T. Clinic

THE main purpose in life of that invaluable place known as the Ear, Nose and Throat Clinic—if places can be said to have main purposes in life—seemed to be to provide a workshop, clubhouse, hunting lodge, or at least a place of shelter for those valiant Hunters of the Wily Tonsil, the self-effacing Adenoid, the jolly Polypus, and the temperamental Mastoid. And to do it credit, it did its job adequately and well. Our introduction to each other, however, was coldly received on both sides.

Upon presenting myself at its portals that morning, I was invited in, and at once the initiation began. I found that my duties were manifold. The place was to be kept neat, clean, tidy, and what not, at all times, to say nothing of being always ready for emergencies. There were mysterious solutions that had to be made up fresh every day and sometimes more often. There were marvelous, and, I suspected, deadly drugs that had to be used, and then I had to write in a book why I'd used them and where. There were endless "tools" to be washed and boiled, and washed and boiled, over and over again, though I never *did* see why, for half of them never *were* used. There were huge stacks of linen and innumerable basins and bottles, rubber gloves, and what not—mostly the last—that had to be filled or wrapped, or both, and put in curious places. Oh, there were endless numbers of things to do! But what seemed to be the most important in everyone's mind was that I hold myself in readiness to lend what natural or acquired intelligence I had in assisting the aforesaid Hunters in their dangerous and valiant stalking and ultimate skillful termination of the natural existence of the aforesaid wicked and altogether to be despised firm of Tonsil, Adenoid and Co. And many times the aforesaid valiant Ones did their best to eradicate as many of the many times aforesaid wicked ones as they found it in their power to destroy in 24 average hours of an average day in an average seven or eight-day week. Consequently, I found but little time to pluck posies outside the window.

To put it mildly, my hitherto quiet, and what one might in the manner of our English friends call pastoral life, changed before my eyes with kaleidoscopic effect. No more for me the pleasant duties of my infancy and early childhood. Gone were old associates and companions. The friendly medicine glasses, the petulant thermometer, the gentle bath basin, all betook themselves to parts unknown. No more for me the childish tussle with the gleeful bed linen. Even the inspiring "back-rub" bottle had passed out of my life. My old playmates were all gone, and in their places were new acquaintances—they couldn't be more than that at first, for I feared them too greatly.

New and strange were these last instruments of torture—every one. Innumerable tiny and very lovable ear specula gazed at me. Dozens of fine, straight



probes bent themselves out of shape watching me. Numbers of clumsy nasal specula reared up in air and struck at me when I passed. Spiteful scissors snapped their blades at me. Keen, sharp scalpels had to be watched always and regarded with suspicion, for did they not slash right out at one when one was not looking? Oh, dear, all these and more! Silly little scatterbrain needles with but one eye, a decided curvature of the spine and a spiteful pointed tongue to justify their being, that had to be cared for and cuddled and swaddled like a premature baby, haunted my dreams at night.

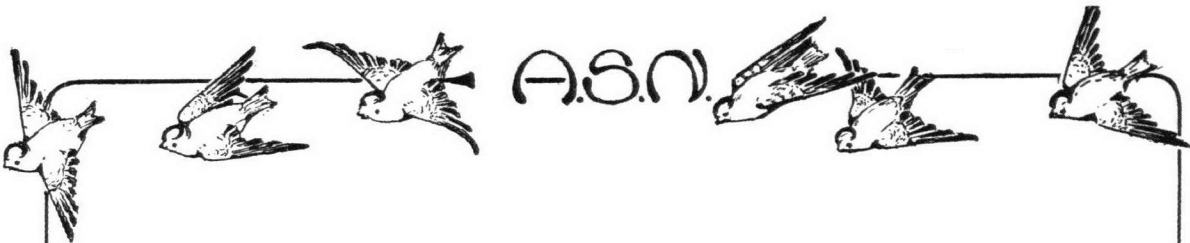
Strong sponges tied themselves into hard knots at every turn; other sponges, hot and cold, pushed themselves on my attention. And forceps! On every hand they stalked me! Forceps of all kinds, from the vicious, nipping little mosquito to the overgrown, hulking spongesticks—ever present, always threatening. Ether masks leered at me. Aspirating tips and the gory “blood jar” gave me nervous chills. Chisels, mallets, mauls, scrapers, cutters, gougers, pincers, pullers, pounders—each and all they assailed my horrified vision, singly, in pairs, in triplets, but most frequently in whole battalions.

And last, but not least, there were the tonsil snares—great threatening things with wicked little wires that tore the flesh from one’s fingers, or, worse still, when all was in readiness for their use, suddenly flew out like things possessed and lost themselves in my eye or the eye of the Hunter—thus holding up the procedure for as much as five precious seconds. Oh, they were beastly, ill-bred things.

And those Tonsils! Ugh! Squdgy, drippy, stinky things—that when dug out of their natural habitat promptly hid themselves in a 4 x 4, only to turn up again at the most inopportune moment in one’s pocket, or in one’s cap, or, most horrible of all, down one’s back! How I hated the vile things, and, oh, I loved to assist in their uprootal and complete annihilation. Their upheaval and entire elimination from the field of battle became as much a passion with me as it evidently was with the Wise Ones to whom I strove to lend my assistance.

Time wore on, as he has a way of doing; draggy and slothfully at first, he soon sprouted wings like a bumblebee and fairly flew away, leaving nothing but the hum of his wings behind. Gradually the instruments and I became more used to each other, and a mutual affectionate respect took the place of former watchful suspicion.

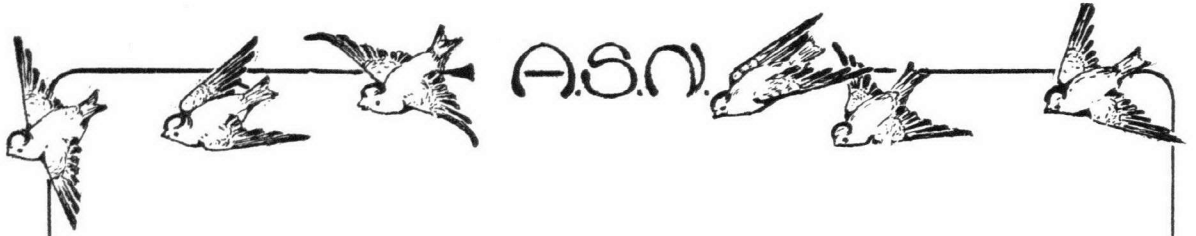
The close room and too sweet ether scent no longer made me ill. Emptying the “blood jar” became second nature to me, like putting on the right shoe after the left was already on. The hurry and rush became part of an exciting game, which got into the blood and made the pulses race each other to the very front door of the heart, but which left the hands strangely steady and the eyes



bright and alert. Even the deadly autoclave kept its distance and restrained its temper after I had learned to handle it properly. Yes, I was getting used to things. "One would probably get used to hanging, if one hung long enough," I've heard.

Ah, yes, time came and went, and before I hardly knew it was near me, the E. N. T. Period in my life came to an end just as the Renaissance Period and the Tango and other great periods of history came to an end in other lives. The pleasant hours of brisk operation and surging activity for me were done. My place in the mighty Hunt of Ye Tonsil, Adenoid, etc., was taken by a newer, younger person, and I had to know that my beloved "horrors" were now getting hate, whereas I had given them love. But such is the irony of fate—the old must give way to the new, who, stepping in, despise things of the old until they themselves become eligible to joint that Ancient Order of Elderly Things.

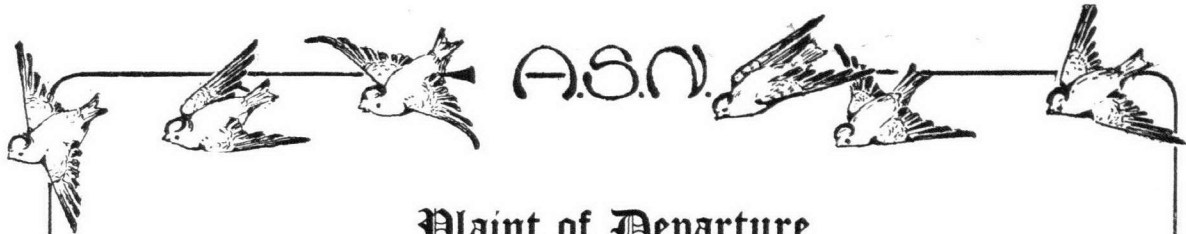
E. M. E., '26.



Night Duty

Here come the Night Nurses with their smiling faces.
Their work is but to begin.
Who knows what the night may bring?
Each one to her ward.
The suffering patient lifts his head
To see as she comes in.
In his heart he is thankful for this angel of mercy.
Down through the ward she goes,
Stopping to speak to everyone.
Her pleasant "good evening" and "how are you"
Creates a cheerful atmosphere.
She has many things to accomplish—
Medications and treatments have to be given,
Charts have to be written,
But all these she does with a smile.
When bedtime arrives she wishes everyone a good night's rest
And their eyes close with happiness,
In their dreams they think of her.
All night long she is bright and alert, doing this and doing that.
Softly, with flashlight in hand, she tiptoes through the ward,
Gently tucking the covers,
Careful not to waken the sleeping ones.
The suffering one cannot sleep;
It is she who watches by him.
All is for his comfort till he goes into the land of dreams;
Morn is breaking, it brings the night's work to a close.
Night Nurse, you have done your best,
May you have a good day's rest.
Some day when her work here is over
She no longer will wear the uniform and cap.
It will be white robe and the crown of glory
Which her Heavenly Father will give her for service well done.

M. E. B., '26.



Plaint of Departure

Why are all the girlies feeling gay?
Something's in the air.
They're all packing up their trunks,
Plucking brows, and curling hair.

Could it be they're going home?
No, not that I know.
Perhaps they're going to affiliate;
If it's that, oh, woe!

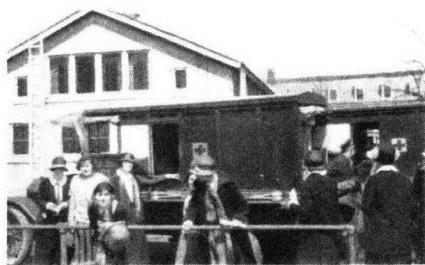
How can they go to another school
Than our own dear A. S. N.?
To Philadelphia? Oh, dear me!
You know it is a sin.

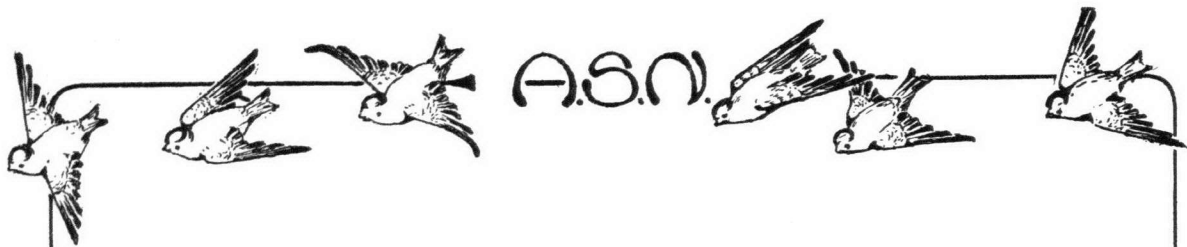
Just think the cherries soon will burst
Into boughs of soft, warm snow.
The robin red-breasts will soon be here—
Oh, girls, how can you go?

The roses in the garden soon
Will bloom again for you.
The rhododendron on the hills
Will soon be blooming, too.

How can you leave dear Walter Reed,
For scenes and sights anew?
You hate to go? But, dears, THEY know
Just what is best for you.

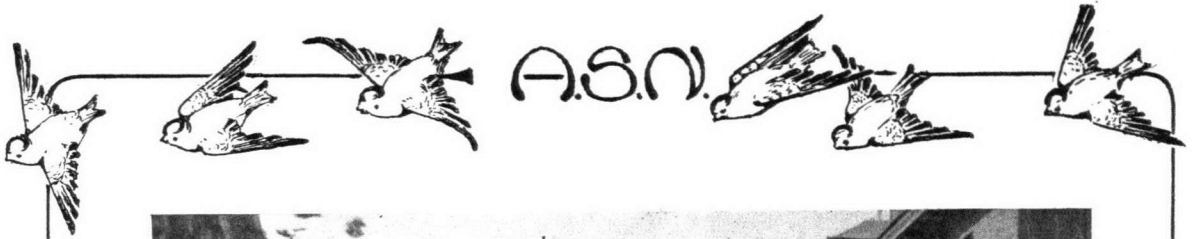
E. M. E., '26.





MISS S. LILLIAN CLAYTON
Chief Nurse, Philadelphia General Hospital

1926



CLINIC GATE

P.G.H. and "Chilluns"



LEEPY EYES peeped through shocks of tumbled hair, while yells of "Hello, nurse!" met us as we entered the door. So this is Skin Ward!

Wash basins were found in the closet and the fun began. Some of the kiddies adored their baths, but some certainly abhorred them. This we know, who pleaded, told fairy stories, sang songs, tussled, and finally lassoed and bathed the wriggling bits of humanity. Pom Pom, the King of Skin Ward, having reached the mature age of three years, was allowed to take his own bath in bed, after which Mademoiselle, his handmaid, ardent subject, and worshipper, adorned him with his "peek-a-boo," the pride of his eczema.

Here the daily routine was interrupted by a request from Mademoiselle: "Now, girls, you will please listen while pretty Pom Pom renders a selection



MISS C. MARIE FAWCETT

on his violin." This he proudly did, the doctor's order book answering the purpose of violin and the desk ruler, the bow. His reward was to be taken outside to see "Gee Gee" the horse. If this was not done immediately, he would drop down upon the floor and engage in hysterical screams, beating time with his heels upon the floor, but he was forgiven for this display of temper because his mother was in psycho and his father was in jail.

The occupants of skin ward did not consist of children only, for red Mary, Mollie, Bertha and Cora were very much a part of it. Bertha, not having a very ravenous appetite, had to take a swim in a tub of oatmeal each day, after which her original color, a golden brown, was changed to green by the application of a thick coating of vaseline from head to foot.

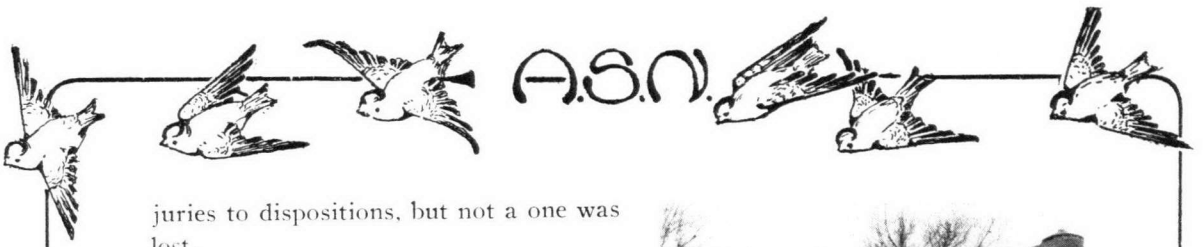
All of the children hated to be greased; often tears added a bit of

sodium chloride to the various ointments that were being rubbed on. The patches and bandages so carefully applied could shortly be collected from the four corners of the room.

Dolly, the attentive little sister of Benny, saw that his every need was fulfilled, and she never forgot the q. 15 min. call, "Nurse, Benny wants you!"

When all were neatly groomed, then came the famous "Battle of the Cooties and the A. S. N."; fought and won by the A. S. N. upon the heads of the future generation of Philadelphia, Pa. As the fight progressed, great combs of cooties were laid to rest in watery graves of larkspur. A few of the opposing forces suffered from severe in-





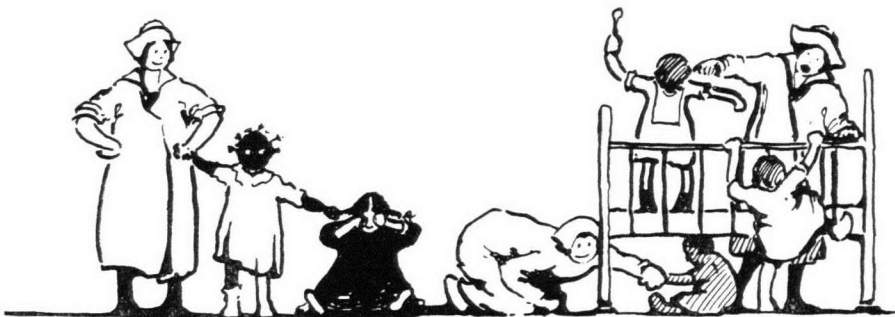
juries to dispositions, but not a one was lost.

Meal times were the only peaceful times of the day. Some of the babies dined in bed, while the others gathered "quietly" around the little table and bowed their heads while the blessing was being said. Spoons, soup, milk, and occasionally a plate or saucer floated through the air during the meal. Not a word was spoken as the food met the dividing line of the wee small mouths, half of it going down the little red lane, while the other half trickled, rolled, and tumbled down the chins and bibs, and came to a sudden halt upon the floor.

Nap time was thought of by the nurses only—not a child could be persuaded that there was a beautiful place called Dreamland that could be found in one's own bed. Instead, each little head was filled with visions of being tossed to and fro in the swing. There was no rest for anyone until this deed was done.

Then came bedtime, and no sandman to be found. Three tailed nightshirts flapped up and down in the little white beds as the nurses filed out to the chorus of "Goodnight, nurse!"

E. M., '26.





Wah = h = h = h = h

Time—7 a. m.

Place—Maternity Ward, Blockeley.

Scene—The Nursery.

(Enter student nurses tying on gowns. General laughter and talking. Enter ward nurse.)

Ward nurse (Miss Pierce):

"Hurry, girls; it's quarter past seven and not a bath started. Miss Long, you make up the bassinets; Miss Briggs, undress the babies and take the T. P. R.'s.; Miss Francis, you give the showers—be careful to keep the temperature even; Miss Sonn, dress and weigh the babies. I'm going out and make the weight and temperature chart." (Turns to go out.) "Oh, yes; Miss Wood, you have charge of the premature."

Chorus from Nursery:

"Wah-wah-wah-wah-h-h-h-h-h-h-"

(Nurses hustle hither and thither, gathering the articles needed. Some bringing in the babies.)

Margaret Francis:

"What in the world is the matter with this shower? It's just right until I get the baby under it, then it gets either too hot or too cold."

“Tubby” Briggs:

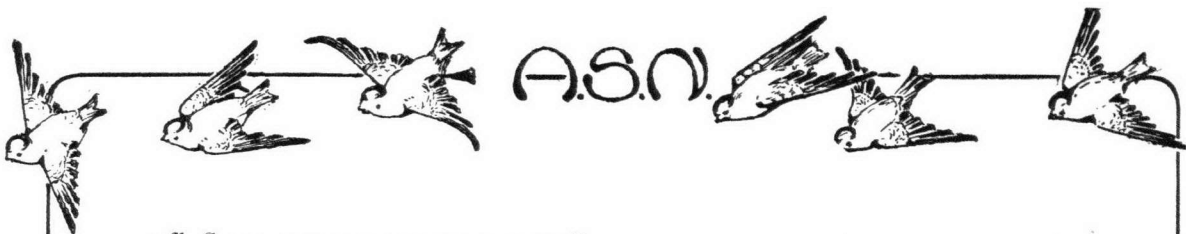
"Hurry up, Francis—take this kid; it's all ready."

Myrtle Sonn:

"When have these scales been tested? This baby has gained almost a pound since I weighed it yesterday."

“Tubby”:

"For Heaven's sake, take that heavy blanket



off, Sonn—use your common sense.”

Chorus from Nursery:

“Wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-h-h-h-h-h”

(Nurses work steadily.)

Enter Miss Wood registering gloom, anguish and intense woe:

“What shall I do? I’ve burned the Breck Feeders! Oh, I’ll use medicine droppers.”

S. O. S. from Nursery from Miss Long:

“Annnny mawwwwwh bassinet sheeeeeeets?”

Chorus from inside room:

“Noooooh! We’ve got only crib sheeets and bassinet spreads ! ! ! ! !

Ward nurse:

“Need any supplies?”

Chorus of nurses:

“GAUZANCOTTON, green soap, olive oil, soft soap, GAUZANCOTTON, nurses’ records, GAUZANCOTTON * * * *!”

(General uproar.)

Chorus from Nursery:

“Wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-h-h-h-h—ie.” “When do we eat?”

“Tubby” Briggs:

“Well, it’s time to take the babies out; let’s hurry——” (Each nurse takes a baby and leaves by the side door. Enter ward nurse with supplies, also a sheet of paper in her hand. Girls return from ward.)

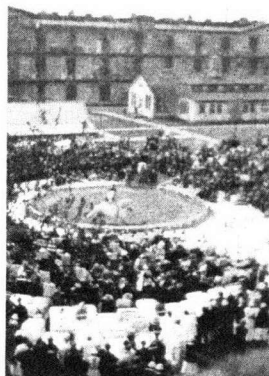
Ward nurse:

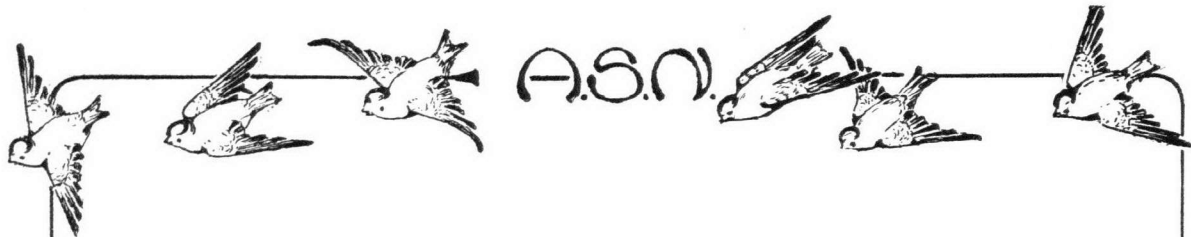
“I have the hours for today: Long, 8.30 to 12.30 and relieve tonight; Briggs, 4.30 hours; Sonn, 10.30 to 12.30; Francis, 4.30 hours and clinics; you and Tiny set up clinic.” (Babies are brought in. Girls write charts.)

Chorus from Nursery:

“Wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-h-h.”

M. E. F., '26.





On Call

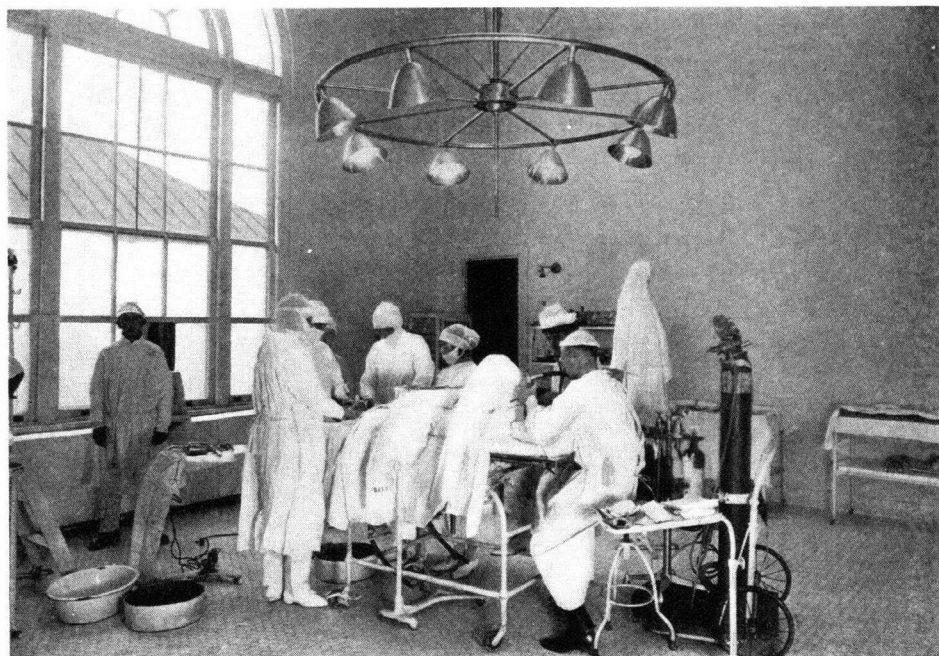
Remember when you were assigned to Maternity? Remember all those dear babies—the tiny pink and white ones and the rose and chocolate fellers? The twins and the fierce arguments as to which was t'other—how dearest friends pretty nearly parted over the question of whose turn it was next to hold little Rufus Rastus or Alfred Arthur?

Remember when you were "on call," and you had your emergency outfit all set so's you could get into 'em quickly? Remember the night you were sleeping so soundly and someone poked you, calling "Miss Errrump—Maternity"? You jumped up dazed, blinked, and staggered around after shoes and things—not sure for a few seconds whether it was a case of fire, murder, or sudden death.

When you fell over the chair, your roommates woke up to cheer you with a kindly "Har, Har," or "Hey! your nightgown shows about a foot." You hoped they'd choke, and, grabbing your tie, cap, cuffs, etc., dashed out into dark hall muttering things that can be expressed only by all the fancy marks on the typewriter.

By the time you'd reached the Clinic door most everything was tied or buttoned, and, holding your cap on, you galloped up the stairs, the gallops getting kind of weak on the third flight. Perhaps by this time Elise Moore, Alice Wickward, and some of the Blockeley girls had come aboard, and you tore madly down the long hall, giggling and puffing. Through the big door, one long skid around the corner of the delivery room entrance, grabbing gowns on the way. One last slide into the delivery room with your gown tails flapping, to be welcomed by large smiles of amusement from the night force, and a long, anguished wail from the bassinet, announcing that the brand new citizen of the U. S. A. had arrived, and that you were too late.



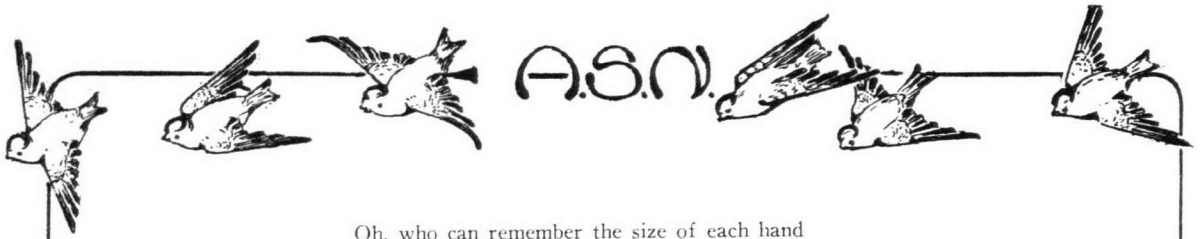


A Song of the O. R.

Oh, where can you find a suture so strong
 It won't break when the Colonel ties it?
 And where can you find the needle that's gone
 When the Colonel doth hurry and everything's wrong?
 The catgut's too brittle, the black silk too long—
 I say, where can you find it?

Oh, who can we find to place the light right,
 I mean, just where it is wanted;
 Just low enough not to strike the fair brow,
 Yet high enough to show the boys how
 To work at the greatest advantage?

Oh who can you find to get Iodoform Gauze
 For the Chief, when he didn't predict it?
 And who can forget the usual pause,
 And who can't remember the little clause,
 So familiar, so frequently uttered?

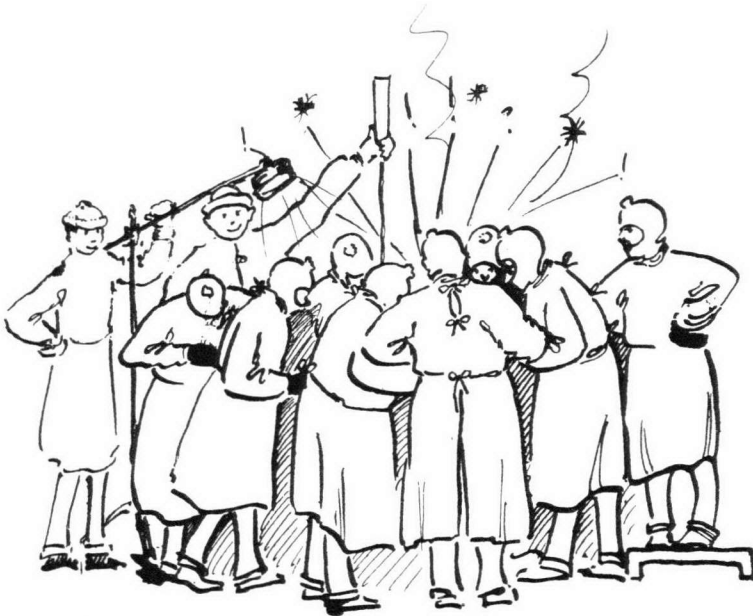


Oh, who can remember the size of each hand
That belongs to the doctors comprising this band?
Gloves fit today—won't fit tomorrow—
This is a fact I've found to my sorrow.
Too much powder or none at all.
Were these gloves put up last Fall?

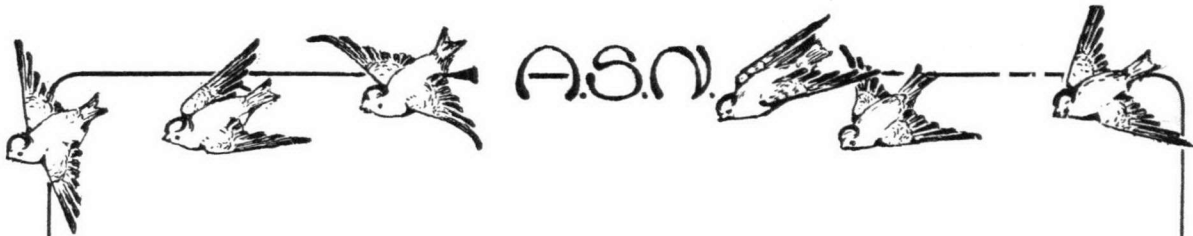
It's funny now when you're out and away,
But I remember me well the day
I wished I could go right up in smoke
When the "most important" instrument broke,
Yes, broke right in the Colonel's hand.
The reason, no one could understand.

I'm thinking now how I miss the place,
The clang of the instruments, the rapid pace,
The call for Iodine, Alcohol, Dakin—
I hear at dawn, when I awaken
From dreams of the good old days
When we had fun in lots of ways.

R. W., '26.

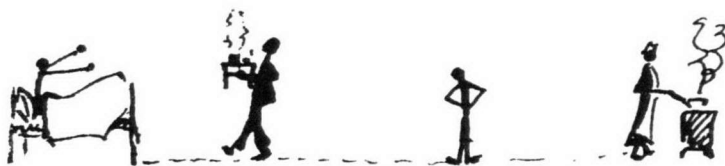


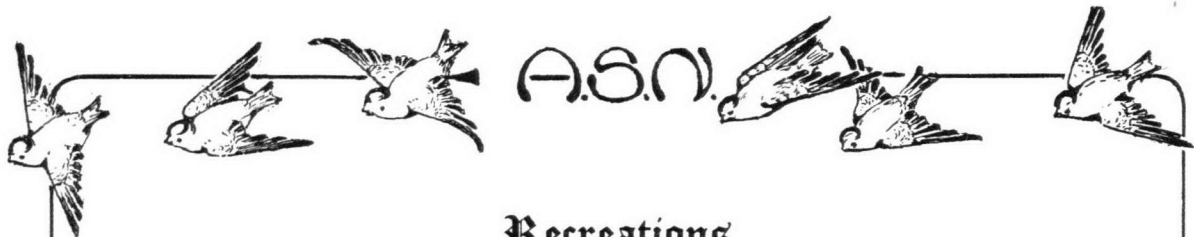
1926



Chow

Seven bells a'ringing on the Good Ship Walter Reed,
 Sleepy K. P.'s trundling in the chow carts with the feed,
 Night force leaving drowsily, day force coming in,
 Patients heaped with blankets sleeping through the din.
 Awful gloom and chilliness a'hanging on the air,
 Clanks and crashes, snorts and smashes—war's commenced for fair.
 Student nurse comes tearing in, has dreamed all nite of trays.
 Grabs an apron, frying pan, dishes, and to Heaven prays.
 "What—no butter?" "Nope—I'll get some—Hey! who left it near the heat?"
 "Aigs again?—well can you beat it—nothin' else t'eat?"
 "Coffee's boilin' over!—gosh—goodnight—it's getting late!"
 "Come and get it all you goldbricks—Hey! goodlooking—you've done ate!"
 Sickest patients howl for "Po'kchops"—wellest ones for "thirds."
 "Holy Mackerel," wail the K. P.'s, "What's a'eatin' all them birds?"
 Eggs a'frying, poaching, boiling, toast and things on every hand,
 Tiers of loaded trays departing just to beat the band.
 Breeze brings sounds of meal time as it floats up through the ward,
 "Everybody happy?"—nurse sighs "Thank the Lord!"
 K. P. leans against the drain board, sweat a'dripping from his brow.
 Battle's over, forces resting, having "served the chow."





Recreations



VERY essential factor in life is recreation, and it is everyone's responsibility to consider it so. Of course, duty comes first, but there should be a limit to it, and pleasure in some form should break the monotony and tension of work.

We at Walter Reed are blessed with many resources for all types of individuals. Almost any pleasures one may seek in the city may be had in this little "town" of ours. A bill from Keith's is given here every Thursday evening at the Red Cross, and appreciation is shown by the building-rocking applause which greets the artists.

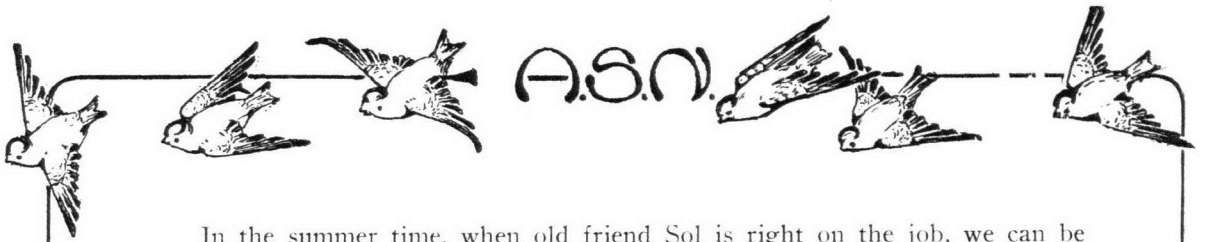
Many an evening may be spent at the movies, and very often it's a toss-up which to choose from, as the Red Cross, K. of C., and Y all partake in the good work of furnishing the pictures.

If one would rather read, there is the Post Library, in which many happy and profitable hours may be spent.

Fans enjoy evenings at the basketball games, which, during the season, are played not often enough at the Y. The Post players are good sportsmen and furnish a good game whether winning or losing, and the fans get plenty of exercise, too.



1926



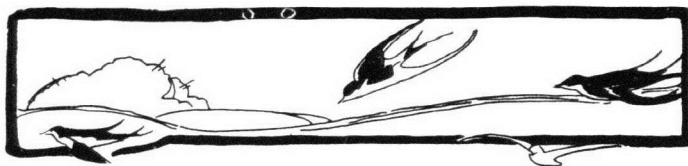
In the summer time, when old friend Sol is right on the job, we can be consoled by taking a dip in our lovely outdoor "Rea" swimming pool. It is open from May till October. Many a happy hour is spent there, and there is some wonderful swimming and diving displayed by even the youngest folks. Tennis courts are magnets for players, and fans from the time the last spring snow is melting to the time the leaves are heaped up in the fall.

Another phase of the summer enjoyment is the series of evening band concerts in the Formal Garden, which are given by the Service bands and others. Can you ever forget the garden, the summer evenings, the Walter Reed folks grouped under the trees, and the music coming through the twilight?

And who can ever forget the informal parties in the Nurses' Hut at Hallowe'en, Christmas, etc., and the elegant holiday dinners that Miss Davidson contrived?

L. A. S., '26.

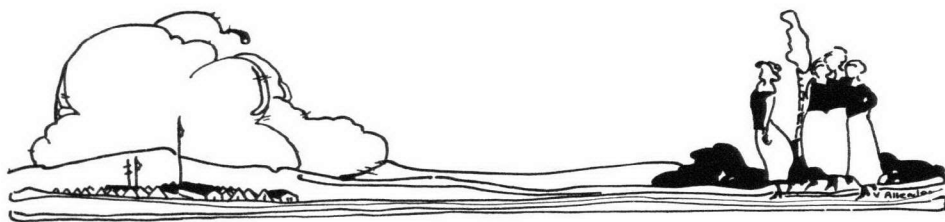


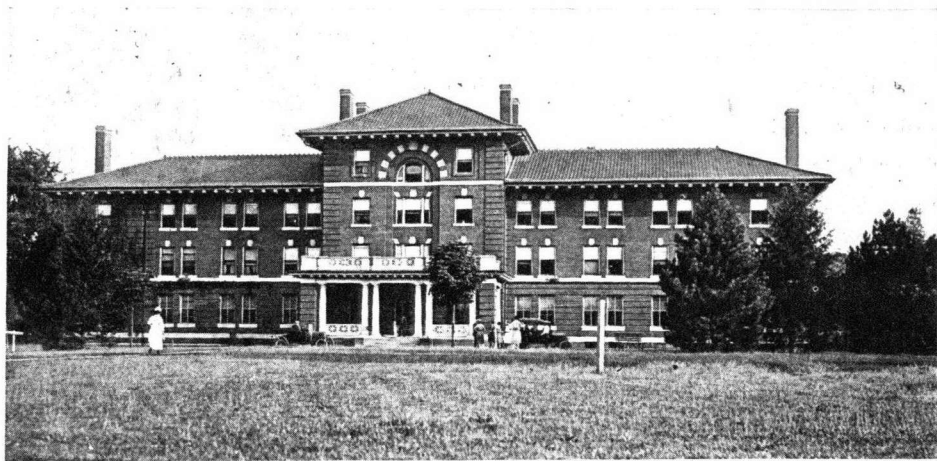
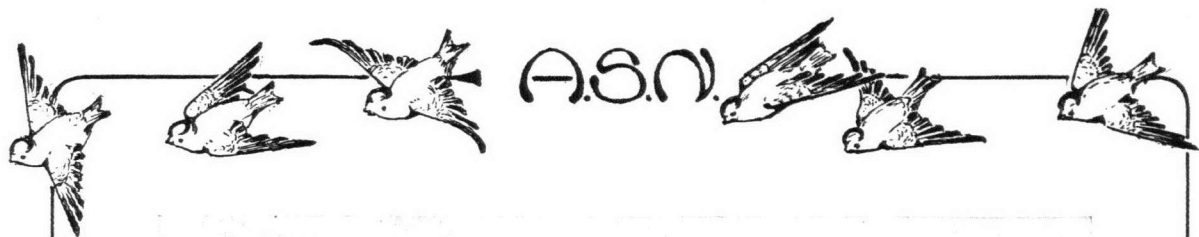


Thoughts of a Teacher of Nurses

When I have fears that I may cease to teach
Before my hands and tongue have given all I know,
Before high-piled books in Nursing Science,
Holding the rich accumulated stores
Of other teachers of nurses,
Solve the problems of our service here—
And think that I may never live to finish
One of the many tasks their shadows set for me,
Or impress upon my students' minds
Facts gathered from many centuries,
That they may hold them clear—
Then I remember that my teachers felt the same,
And that through me their messages will live.

RUTH I. TAYLOR, A. N. C.





St. Elizabeths



FEW days' detention in O. P. 2 was the cause of my arriving at the St. Elizabeths' affiliation about a week late, with that awful feeling of being alone and that you are going to be a perfect stranger, about the dumbest person in the world for the next 48 hours.

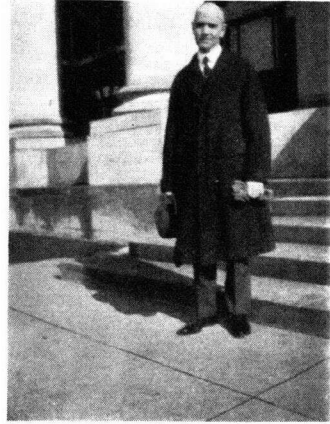
No sooner had the taxi turned in the first gate than my heart began to do queer things, and at first my eyes even seemed to deceive me. I had heard of insane institutions all my life, and all the weird stories connected with them. Would some one step out of one of those official-looking buildings, hail the taxi and question me. If they had, well, there's no telling what would have happened.

The first person to be seen as I stepped into the Nurses' Home was Margaret Francis, just ambling along as though she owned the place. The Home was lovely with its hardwood floors and long-cushioned window seats. Margaret then ushered me up three flights of stairs—yes—just like Philly, the eternal three flights.



On the third floor my spirits began to revive until I saw Minnie Berg running wild with a dust cloth and broom, and Mary Pierce with a Johnston bar. But they very calmly informed me that tomorrow would be inspection and they were policing up their room.

I found Mildred Ellis asleep—her usual state when off duty; Barbara Miller in a contented



DR. NOVES



DR. RICHMOND

position on her bed reading, and Bonnie doing what appeared to be a perfect Houdini in the bottom of her trunk, but on closer inspection found she was just finishing unpacking.

These are a few of my first impressions of St. Elizabeths. Later, came duty, classes and recreation, every day with something as interesting or more interesting than the day before.

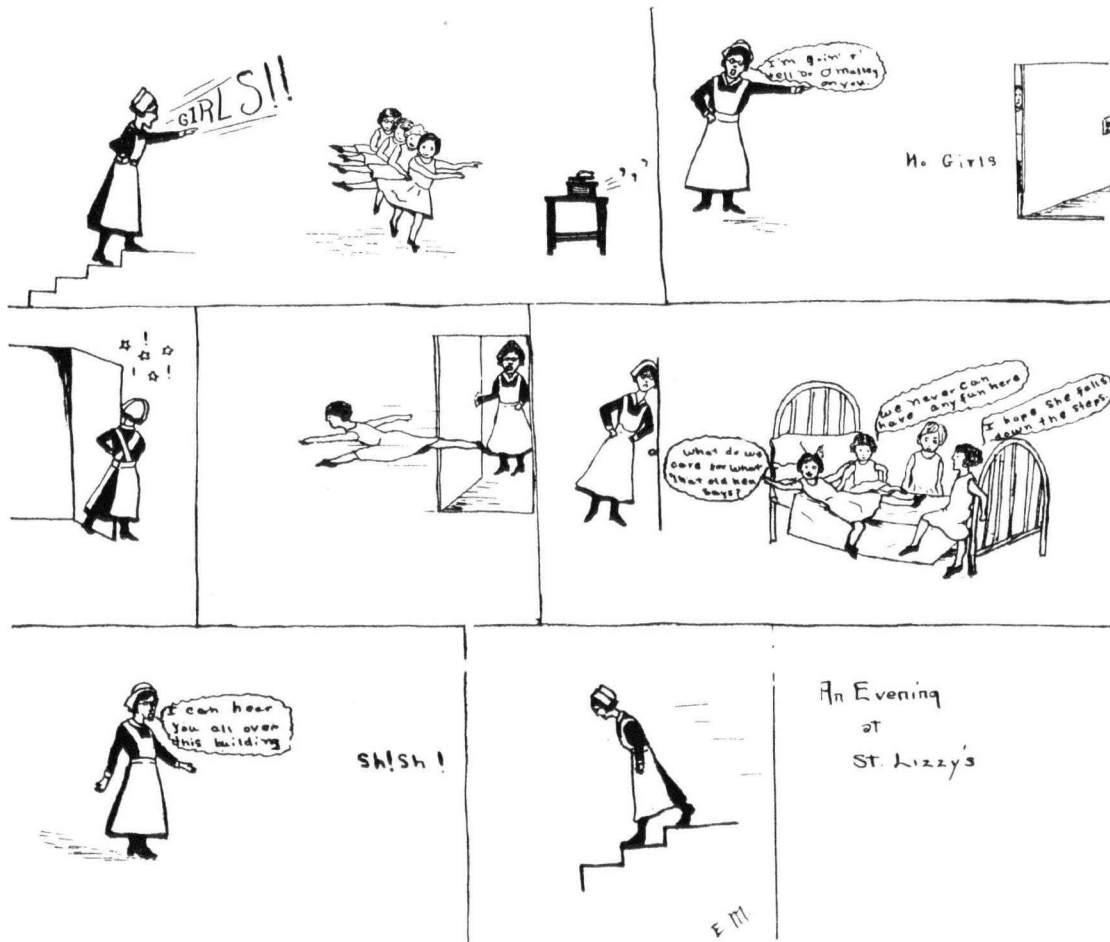
The faculty, doctors and charge nurses were particularly kind to us and in the student nurses we found, I hope, some sincere friends; and it was not without a little pang of regret in our hearts that we turned our rooms and keys over to another group of students.

R. E. D., '26.



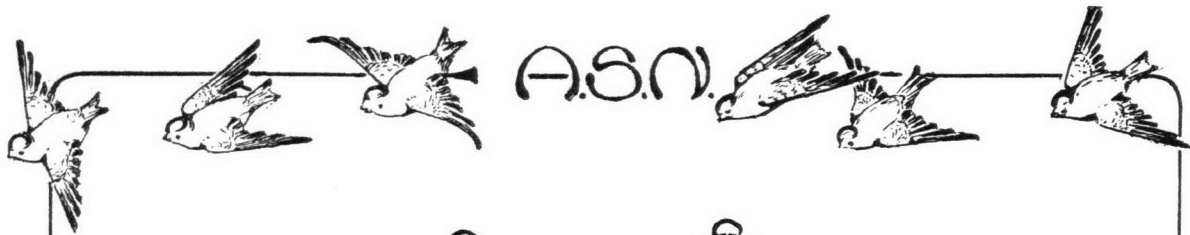
DR. LEWIS

1926



A.S.N.





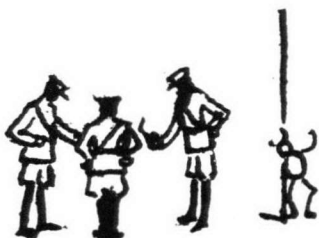
A Surgical Survey

CONCE upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Streptococcus and their children decided to visit Walter Reed to see what they could see. Now, the little Strepts were very curious, and wanted to make sure of different things they had heard. Mr. and Mrs. Streptococcus had heard tales of different kinds, too, but they were a little afraid to be seen around much, because they had been treated very unkindly by the medical profession, and were therefore a little shy.

The family arrived at the front entrance of Walter Reed, and, slipping by the guard, started merrily down past the post office toward the Nurses' Home. Suddenly a nurse came in sight, and the family with one accord disappeared. The parents had recognized the significance of the white cap, and had no pleasant recollections connected with it, so when they hunted shelter the children did likewise.

Presently, everything being quiet, the family resumed their journey. They reached the Main Building safely, and there was quite an argument before it was decided where they would go first. Just at this moment Colonel Keller came in the front door, and little Johnny Streptococcus, being a brave little fellow, ran and jumped upon the colonel's shoe and started for a ride. By holding tightly, the little Coccus soon found himself in the Surgical Office surrounded by a bunch of the most intelligent looking men he had ever seen. They were smoking and talking just like other people, and the little Coccus, sitting unnoticed close by the door, heard everything that was said, and how he did wish for his twin brother! Things were getting interesting. He craved company.

It was just at this time that Major Makel walked in with his head turned slightly to the side and his face entirely enveloped with one of his smiles. Had he known that little Jimmy Coccus was sitting securely on his shoe, he perhaps would have been more careful. Being ignorant of this fact, however, he said, "Oh, my goodness gracious; oh, my goodness gracious, boys, I am ruined. I know I should not be tickled, but I am. You see, I promised Miss Thompson very faithfully I would return her bandage scissors if she would trust me just once more, and now I don't even remember where I went with them. It isn't

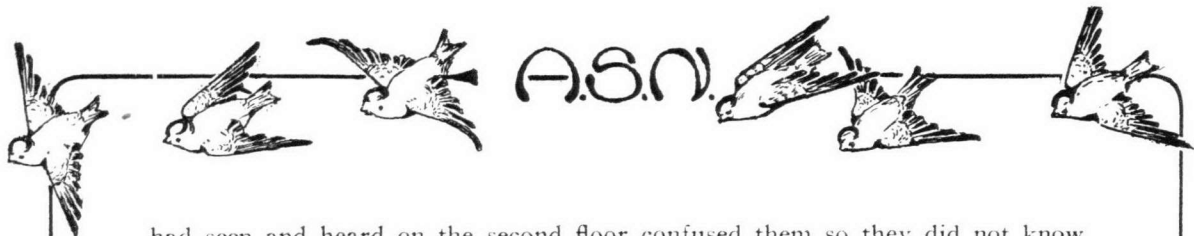


exactly my fault, either, because I have been grading the student nurses' papers, and they had a peculiar effect on me."

At this outburst, Major Balibough reached into his pocket and tenderly laid said scissors into Major Makel's hand with this remark: "Makel, you know right well who gets blamed for all bandage scissors disappearing around here, and this is one time I intended to prove to the operating force that I am a square man." Here a familiar laugh was heard, and Major McClintick said, "That is very well, major, but you will have to admit that the orthopedic force does like bandage scissors."

Right at this period the twin Coccus boys saw each other, and, fearing their sides would burst with laughter, they slipped under the door and simply rolled into the elevator. They meant to go as far as they could, but, hearing a curious squeaking noise on the second floor, they decided to investigate, so they got off there and saw our Major Albert Kenner pushing the dressing cart as fast as he could run, and saying, "Miss, can't you go a little faster?" "What's the matter, miss?" "Haven't you been to lunch, miss, or are you just weak, miss?" "Do you have the adhesive turned down for the doctor, miss?" "Say, I think I will run in a few Osteos tomorrow." "Will you scrub for the doctor, miss?"

The twins were so interested in what they were hearing they almost forgot their mission, but they finally did think that they might be missed themselves, so they started down stairs again. They really meant to go down, but what they



had seen and heard on the second floor confused them so they did not know which way the elevator was going, so landed on the third floor. No sooner had the door closed than they heard familiar voices, and, looking around, spied their parents with their other children all resting comfortably on Major Emerson's cap. He had left it on a chair down stairs, and they had climbed up the chair and upon the cap, and he, in his gentle manner, had left them undisturbed.

The family was deciding how they would proceed, when the steam sterilizers were turned on, and the noise frightened them so that they started to jump, but, as luck would have it, there was one lone spider web attached to the wall, and they were caught like rats in a trap. They were almost sure the end had come. Tomorrow would be inspection, and inspection meant no spider webs.

Just when the parents had given up, they heard a shout, and, looking down, saw the Cocci children running for dear life. They had fought in the spider web, and Johnny had kicked a hole through the trap big enough for the whole family to fall through. The speed they made getting away from the Hospital is talked of yet. In their haste to get out, they bumped into Major Dooling, and, realizing what an awful break that was, hurried frantically away. After they had reached what they considered a safe place, they stopped for breath, and Johnny said to Jimmy, "Kid, was you skeered?" Jimmy replied, "Just onct, Johnny, in the spider web."

The father, hearing the boys laugh, said in a very stern voice: "Boys, this subject is not to be treated lightly. You don't realize what a close call we had. Those men live to kill folks like we are. Maybe we will get a chance at them one of these days." Just then the clear notes of the bugle came to them, and the gang started running again, and were last seen going at a great pace into Rock Creek Park.

R. W., '26.





What Price Bellhopping

[illegible]

"Where's that bell-hop? Whoozit, anyhow?"

Voice from down hall—"Sheezon duty"

[illegible]

"All right—I'll answer it. Nurses' Quarters Two-oo.

"Miss Whoo? What? Can't hear you (Hey, keep still, you kids).

"Whatdidja say?—Miss Whooo?—What?"

"Nooh!—Sheez gone t'Philly—uh huh—she has."

[illegible]

"Gosh!—Nurses' Quarters Two-oo.

"Miss Whooo? What? Howd'va spell it?"

"Oh, yes—hold the line.

"Quarters Threeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

"Quarters Threeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

"QUARTERS THREEEEEEEE!"

"MISS FRIEND, TELEPHONE!"

[illegible]

"Quarters Two-ooo. Miss Whooo?"

"Miss Corder? Which one? Hold the line, please.

“Floreeeeeena! Floreeeeeena! Floreeeeeena Corder!

"Telephone!"

Voice from down hall—"Sheeznot in."

"Hello—sheeznot in—g'bye."

[illegible]

"Quarters two-ooo.

"Can't hear you—whooo?"

"Please spell it. Oh, hold the line, please.

"Quarters Threeeeeeeee!"

"Quarters Threeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

"QUARTERS THREEEEEEEEEEE!"

“!*_*_*_!!!*****!*_!”

"QUARTERS THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"Miss Friend, TELEPHONE!!!!"

Squad of students nurses going through--

"'Ny calls for me?"

"Say, I'm going out, 'anybody calls."

"Say, I'll be down in Tiny's room 'fI get a call."

"Seen Rosellen?"

"Hev, will you mind these things?"



7.05 P. M. Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Quarters Two-oo.

"Uh-huh—Walter Reed—Nope, sheezout—Just saw her going.

"'Ny message? Uh-huh, I'll tell her. Goo'bye."

7.06 P. M. Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Quarters Two-ooo.

"Whoooooo? Can't hear you—s'much noise."

(Hey, keep still will you, kids.)

"Whooo?—Yeah! Sheezin—justa minute.

"Mabel Crosson! Mabel Crosson! MABEL CROSSON!"

"Here I am." "Telephone!"

7.07 P. M. Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Quarters Two-ooooo.

"Hello! Whoo'dya say? Hello! Whoooo?

"BeO-M? B-O-N? Oh, yeah.

"Bonnieeeeeee! Bonnieeeeeee! Telephone!"

Voice from down hall—"Tell 'em shezenot in."

"Hello! She says she's not in."

Voice from down hall—"If that isn't dumb!"

7.09 P. M. Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Nurses' Quarters Two-ooo.

"Miss Whooo? What?" (Hey, keep still!)

"Whooo? Nope—sheezout.

"Her roommate?—just a minute.

"Bert—Bert Harder! Telephone!"

Voice from down hall—"Sheezout."

"Sheezout—'nybody else y'want?

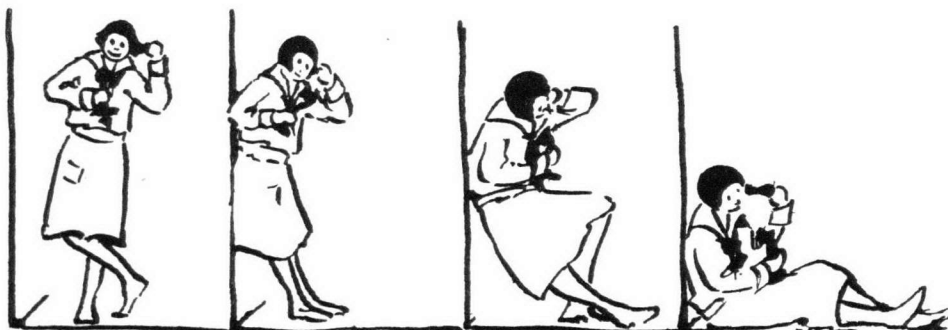
"Whooo? All right—hold the line, please.

"Tineeeeeeeeeee!

"TINEEEEEEEEEEE!

"TELEPHONE!"

C. B. B., '26.



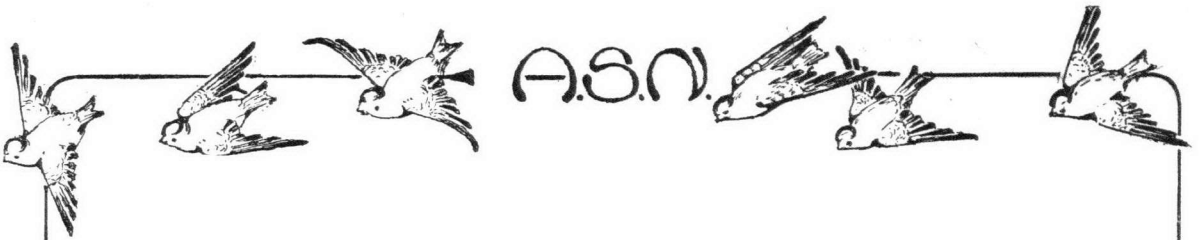
7.00 P. M.

7.20 P. M.

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8.20 P. M.

1926

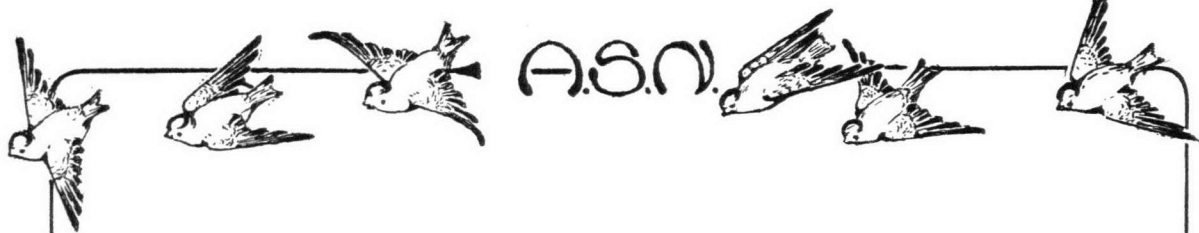


“The Instructive Visiting Nurse”

Should you ask me, whence these girls?
 Whence these funny hats and coats?
 I should answer, I should tell you
 From the city and the country,
 From the mountains and prairies
 Came these girls so full of life.
 By the Hospital of Walter Reed,
 By the street car track of the city,
 Stood the poor little student nurses—
 Instructive visiting nurses.
 There the patient young students
 Nursed the little babies,
 Told the mothers what to feed them,
 How to prepare it—when to give it.
 Many things the nurses taught them
 Of the ways that they should follow.
 Showed them how to prevent disease,
 Showed them how to keep good health.
 Learned their names and all their secrets.
 Taught them how to screen their windows,
 How to ventilate in winter.
 To the brain they brought new knowledge,
 To the heart they brought contentment,
 Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
 Feet as rapid as a deer's,
 Laughter like a golden treasure
 For to serve was but a pleasure.
 Pleasant was the landscape round them,
 Pleasant was the air about them.

How they watched to see the nurses,
 See the welcome visiting nurses,
 Peeping from behind the curtains,
 Anxious moments filled with longing.
 To the Clinics came the mothers,
 Came the babies of all ages.
 There the mothers learned to dress them,
 Learned about their sleep and rest.
 Weighed them weekly,
 Had the doctor advise the care.
 To the school came their children,
 Throats, teeth and eyes to test,
 Learned the word “pediculosis,”
 Knew them by their bite and itch.
 Knew the slogan, “Early to bed,”
 “An apple a day”—and others.
 This, the visiting nurses taught them.
 To Miss Rood they add a tribute,
 Bound to her in closest union,
 To whom she gave the right hand
 Of her heart, in joy and sorrow—
 Pondering much and much contriving
 How the Society might prosper.
 Not so long and wide the world is,
 Not so rude and rough the way is,
 Due to such as this—
 The Instructive Visiting Nurse.

P. G. I., '26.



The Come-Back

Vol. 6

April 2, 1926

No.

WALTER REED HEARSAY

Steadily the gentle rain is

Covering the jutting roofs and sidewalks,

Playing havoc with stray cats and dogs,

And people without homes or umbrellas.

On a mind

both wistful and

Miles of

Things

Our

And

Odd

Thou

ading

Like

many

A be

aried,

Mem

less

Star

And

Mock

And

That's life, that's dreams, that's the

aried mixture.

That Fate pours into individual glasses

And bids us drink.

And still the drumming rain

Beats a ceaseless tattoo

Upon the soaked window pain and roof

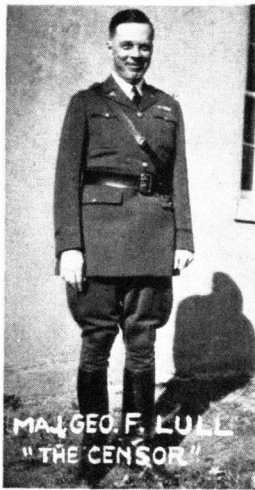
C. E. NOTES

"Happy Homes!" What do they mean to us? What a world of possibilities this subject suggests! It was the topic for Sunday night's meeting. Miss Ruth Johnson (whom we are very glad to re-welcome into our midst—she has just returned from Philadelphia) as leader was a success. She was the happy knack of getting people on their feet to express their innermost thoughts. We are sure that all present enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

Miss Rowland is back with us, as jolly, as peppy, as inspirational as ever. We missed her much and are glad, very glad to have her back with us. Chaplain Eastbrook, senior chaplain, U. S. Army, honored us with a visit and a short talk. We appreciate both and hope to welcome him again soon.



"SNICKERS"



MAJ. GEO. F. LULL
"THE CENSOR"



THE EDITOR
& OFFICE PUP

THE RAMBLER

Woods has returned from a fourteen-day furlough spent in Boston. He is back on duty at Building 93.

Kenneth Johnson is sojourning in the hospital at Camp Meade. One of the ailments of childhood has overtaken him, namely, mumps.

The streets of the United States are being resurfaced.

The "Not a Ford" discussion is questionable.

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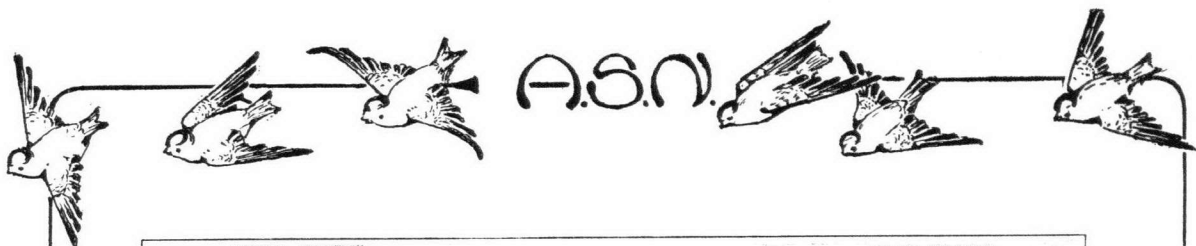
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1926



"FOUL SHOTS"

"Lib D'Nalon"

FORT WASHINGTON OPENS.

The League.

With Army Med. Center.

At the "Y" Gym. SOON.

This game should draw a large.

And enthusiastic crowd of



Made a line plunge.

And scored the winning points.

In the last minutes of play.

Horton, McKinney and Hall.

Played well at guard.

Franks.

Our PUMPINGJACKET.

A. N. C. NOTES

Second Lt. Mary Stetcher was transferred from this hospital to Denver on May 6. Miss Stetcher went with a convoy of patients and will remain there for duty.

Three National Nursing organizations, the League of Nursing Education, The American Nurses Association, and the Public Health Organization, are meeting in Atlantic City for an American Health Congress to be held from May 17 to the 22. The nurses from Walter Reed who are attending this Congress are: Mrs. Flikke, the Misses Elizabeth Melby, Agnes Hogan, Nellie Denison, M. Eliza Weaverling, Myrtle Norris, Theda Schulte and Ella M. Turner.

DIETITIANS' DOINGS

Several of the girls went down Tuesday, to see Miss Angeline Shutte off for California, where she has been transferred to Letterman General Hospital. We are sorry to see her go but hope she will like California.

Great Falls continues to be a drawing card for the dietitians. Miss Cheney went on a roast Saturday and Miss Hess on Sunday. Query: Miss Hess, how far is it from Washington to Great Falls?

WALTER REED WINS THIRD STRAIGHT

Friday, May 7, 1926

The Non-commissioned Officers (remembered best for their basketball ability) met the Walter Reed team Friday. The game was all that it was billed to be, in fact, a good many of the FANS were under the impression that RINGLING BROS. had arrived with their circus a couple of days ahead of time. The N. C. O. team had a number of acrobats and dare-devils. Daring gymnastic feats were too numerous to mention, however, brief mention might be made of Staff Sergeant "Gene" Crider's slide for life (with double somersault) in attempting to tag the fleet-footed Fikert, Reedite shortstop, when he crossed the pan in one of the four and a-half innings that were played. Long Boy Newton, the initial sacker for the N. C. O. team also demonstrated his reaching and tumbling ability, snagging wild throws here and there, stopping everything that came his way, even though it was necessary at times to let the ball hit him. Corporal Hutchison featured at base running; that boy sure can make his *dots* mark time. The game was called

SIDELINE SIFTINGS

By "The Crab"

Yes, we did not go to Pgh. Wednesday;

Nor Thursday;

Too cold to travel!

Yet some of our

Most famous athletes

Of the Post

Are scheduled to travel soon;

Geier and

And Be

Worthy

Basket

"Bawl"

What

guards

Soon,

If you

In this

About

Of course

To know

Anything

(And

However

Never

Lots!)

But girly teams can stand plenty of

Observation

And most of them get it, too!

And—that's all!



THE CRAB

"HOT SHOTS"

Our Weekly Maneuvers

Just a minute, boys, permit us to get our range and we'll fire a few SHOTS at handom.

In this column, occasionally we hit the bull's-eye, which is inevitable when firing at random. However, we assure you that, you'll wear it, likewise, or to be more expectations that if "THE SHOE FITS," you'll yet see more exact in, UN-DEERST

To be that at less pov sensor to be with a caution "t" sho der if s

Hot sho So are If you You're

A raw pressed, Pershing Belt) m Jitneys; the hood

"Keep Colonel, in't till ye and fast shot is fr I'm start

"Isn't Private McKinney the mail soldier?" "I think they are all male soldiers."

Counted the

P. T. JOTTINGS

Those who remember Betty Kepes, who was transferred from here to Denver in 1924, will be interested to know she was married April 1, to Mr. Joseph Reynolds at Bridgeport, Conn.

Anna Mary Rohrbach, who has been in O. P. 2 since Dec. 27, returned to her home in Braddock Heights on Monday. Miss Rohrbach entered Walter Reed as a Junior aide in October, and we all sincerely regret she was unable to finish her course because of illness, and hope now she is at home her improvement will continue.

Mr. and Mrs. Searing, of Aurora, N. Y. have been visiting their daughter, Jane B. Searing, this last week.

OCCUPATIONAL TIPS

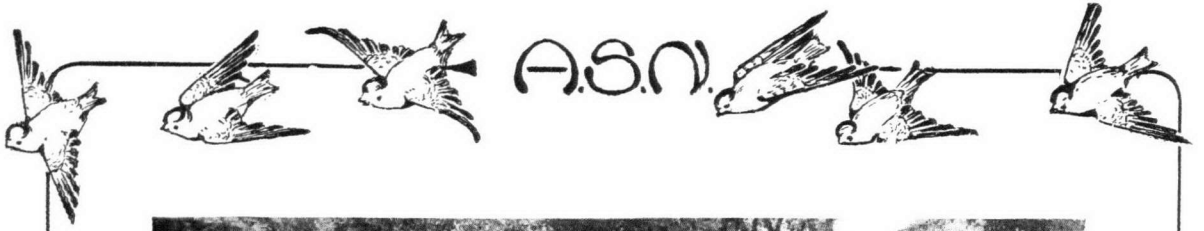
The apple blossoms in the Virginia orchards attracted many to motor to that section of the country last week-end. Those who spent the week-end on this popular trip were the Misses Jones, Boardman and Gunn and their guests, including several of the former aides.

Miss Douglas and Miss Baker spent the last day of the Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester, Va., motoring on to Roanoke where they visited Miss Baker's parents.

The Weaving Shop misses Marie Baker, who is recuperating in O. P. 2 from a slight operation. Everyone wishes you a speedy recovery, Marie!

We welcomed the return to duty of Miss Wales on May 12.

An interested visitor to the O. T. department last week was Miss Clark, who is an occupational therapist at the Jewish Hospital in Philadelphia.



De Social Events

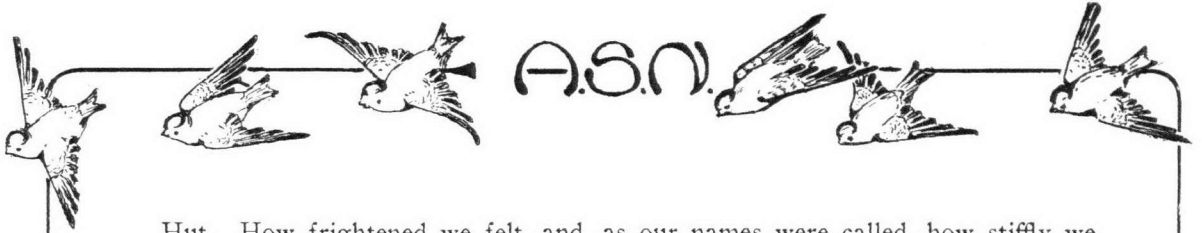


DANCE, a dance! The flutter that ran through quarters at the mere suggestion—probies hurrying and scurrying everywhere, dressing and comparing notes as to frocks—the question as to whether each one were going—remarks of, “Won’t go”; “Hate to be a wallflower,” etc. At last everyone ready.

The Red Cross House clad in its Halloween finery and everywhere men, men—no wallflowers to be seen. Happy feet glided o’er the floor. Sighs of ecstasy from the little probies, and thoughts of how glad I am I came in training if each affair is as glorious as this.

The second notable event was the farewell party given in honor of our Miss Smith in our Hut. It is not everyone who has a chance to play “Hygienic Five Hundred” or “Sanitary Bridge” as we did. Informal as anything could be, but wonderful. Dancing and games—but the climax was the Virginia reel, and last, but not least, the “Eats”—and how we did was a shame. Sad, indeed, was the time when we had to drown our hilarity and depart for bed at 11, so as not to disturb the colonel next door.

Oh, but now comes the greatest event—nothing can surpass it—our capping party! Probies, starched as starched as could be, trooped over to the Nurses’



Hut. How frightened we felt, and, as our names were called, how stiffly we walked up and had our caps pinned on by Mrs. Flikke. Oh, the thrill of a lifetime to shake hands with Colonel Glennan. Just like the icing on a cake to finish it off, came the party given by the Senior Section of our class—fun galore! The grand march, with Colonel Glennan and Mrs. Flikke, and then the dancing. It was indeed happy probies who wended their way to Quarters Seven.

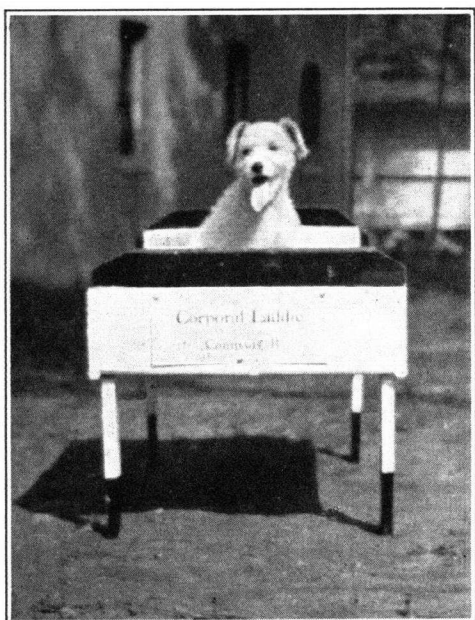
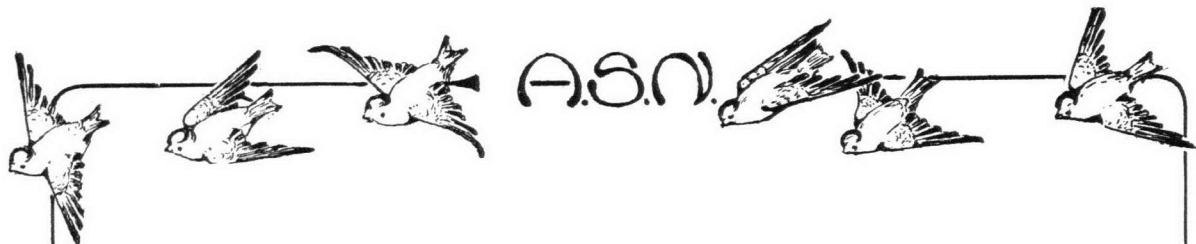
As juniors, we were joint hostesses with the Knights of Columbus at a tea dance in the K. of C. hut in honor of the graduating class of 1924. The music, furnished by the Army Music School Orchestra, was great. Thanks to the K. of C., the tea dance was a huge success.

The Intermediate Senior Breakfast, given each year, was held last year in Rock Creek Park. Field ambulances transported the frolickers from the hospital to the site of the breakfast. Everyone had as good a time getting ready for it as they had there. It was as jolly an affair as only such things can be.

The senior dances, held for the benefit of the Annual, were the winding up of the social calendar, as far as the Annual goes. The first was held around Halloween, and the Red Cross House was a bower of flowers. Such a gay throng, and such a collection of pretty frocks. Men? Again they were plentiful. The new probies were present, and we as seniors (hardly possible) could feel with them the thrill that they were experiencing. Dance we did until midnight, and a perfect evening ended with the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floating through the hall.

D. M. K., '26.





LADDIE



A. S. N. PICNIC

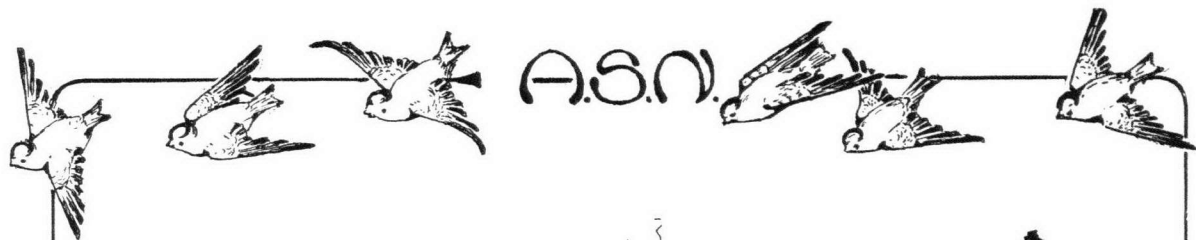


WHITE HOUSE GARDEN PARTY



WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL

1926



Inspection Day

Inspection Day, and the wards were gay
 With the business of cleaning up.
 The floors were scrubbed and the tubs were rubbed,
 And everyone tried to hustle things up.
 The patients and nurses and busy K. P.'s
 Were vieing at speed with the swift orderlies.
 While dust from the tables and chairs and settees
 Blew 'round the room and made everyone sneeze.

Nurses in blue and nurses in white
 Were trying to make everything appear right.
 The beds were lined and the brass was shined,
 And the cobweb brigade left nothing behind.
 The ice chest was cleaned out from bottom to top,
 The porch was invaded by General Mop.
 The windows were feasted most gloriously
 With a generous helping of la Bon Ami.

The sun parlor, linen room, kitchen and office,
 Got its prelude inspection from charge nurse, Miss Lofis.
 Nothing escaped from her critical eye.
 She even discovered a shade pulled too high!
 She unearthed dusty corners and stains on the wall,
 And the unfilled fire-buckets didn't escape her at all.
 What a sigh of relief when we at last heard her say,
 "We've done all we can, everything is O. K."

Oh, dust is dust, and rust is rust, and never the twain must greet
 The inspector's eye, for he sits quite high, on the weekly judgment seat.
 You've got to rub and you've got to scrub, to keep your perfect score
 Of a hundred percent that shows that you've done your best and maybe more.

F. M. C., '26





To The Army Nurse

Whene'er a man is feeling bad
He reverts to the little lad
Who used to grasp his mother's skirts
And look to her to heal his hurts.

She, in her sympathetic way,
Would smooth his troubles quite away,
And soothe him with her kindly touch,
Guaged just enough—but not too much.

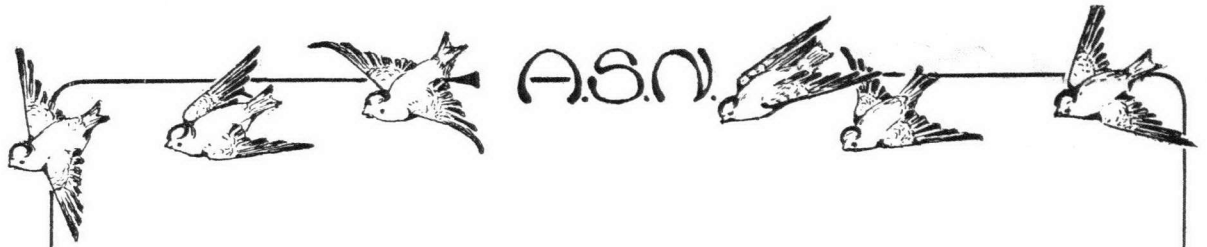
To make him realize that she,
Though just as sorry as could be,
Would care for him as best she can,
But he, in turn, must be a man.

Then, when he goes to Walter Reed,
Though great or small may be his need,
He finds that gentle, kindly touch
Which every sick man craves so much.

Among those girls in white or blue,
Who have so many things to do,
Yet who are always eager, glad
To give all comfort to be had.

All honor to the garb they wore,
These members of the Nurses' corps,
Let all of us the best, the worst,
Stand and salute—THE ARMY NURSE.

J. H. STUTESMAN, Major, Infantry, Ward 36.



Communicable Disease

Lecture No. 1

Lobe

Definition.—A chronic infectious disease characterized by rather perplexing symptoms. Especially noted for the devoted affection one to another.

Etiology.—It is doubtless due to micro-organisms, but none as yet have been discovered.

Pathology.—It is found in all climates, in both sexes, and at any age.

History.—Onset may be gradual or sudden. Principally attacks younger people in epidemic form, as their elders have become immune by previous attacks.

In isolated places (like Alaska), where the population is scarce, and has escaped the disease during youth, very fatal epidemics have occurred in elderly people.

Immunity.—One attack gives immunity in a large majority of cases, though one occasionally may see two or more attacks in the same person.

Symptoms.—A strong feeling of affection noted of one person for another.

Below is a short note, which may assist in diagnostic purposes, should a similar one be found on the suspected person :

My dear—

Come in the evening,
Come in the morning,
Come when you are looked for,
And come without warning;
Kisses and welcome are always before you,
The oftener you come
The more I'll adore you.

Nursing care.—Usual treatment—good food, pleasant surroundings, especially on a moonlight evening.

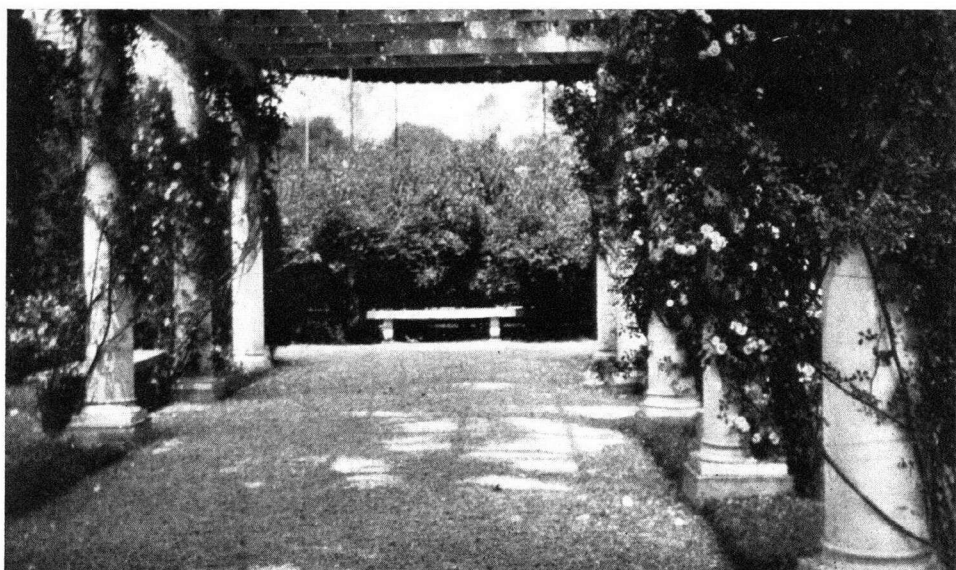
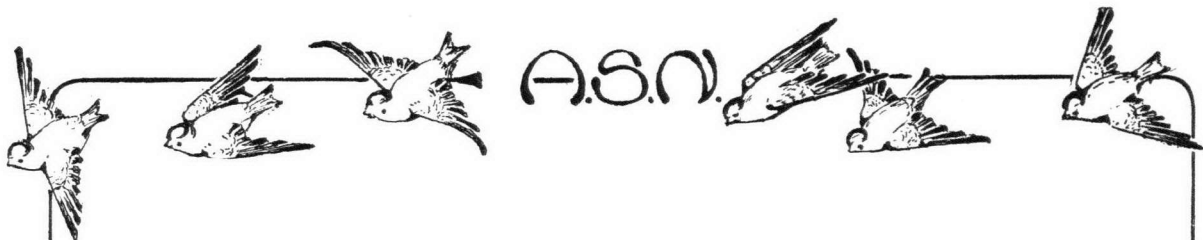
By IVY L. THOMASSON.

1926



THE FORMAL GARDEN





Our Garden

The sun comes up in splendor
And smiles upon the world.
He showers the garden with sunbeams
Till it glows like a mermaid's pearl.

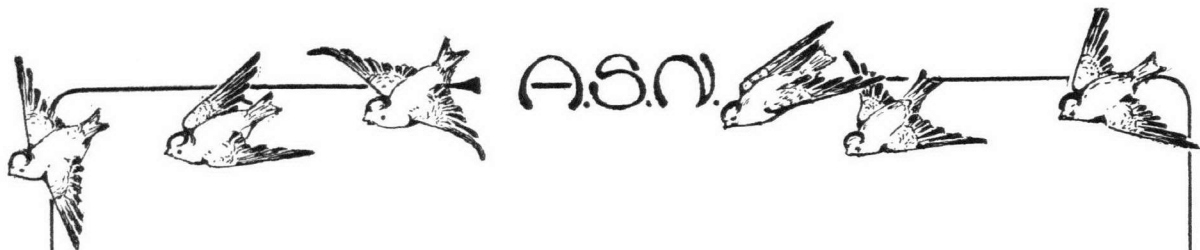
The roses nod their greetings,
The little buds burst with glee,
As they flirt and play with the sunshine
And the warm winds fresh and free.

A robin bows to a bluebird,
A toadfrog squints at the sun,
Then shuts his eyes to sleep again,
For the June day has just begun.

Oh, the world is fair in winter,
With its glistening fields of snow,
And the earth glows bright in autumn,
With its colored leaves aglow.

But better than snow in winter,
Or colored leaves dancing in tune,
Is the sun when he smiles at morning
On a garden of roses in June.

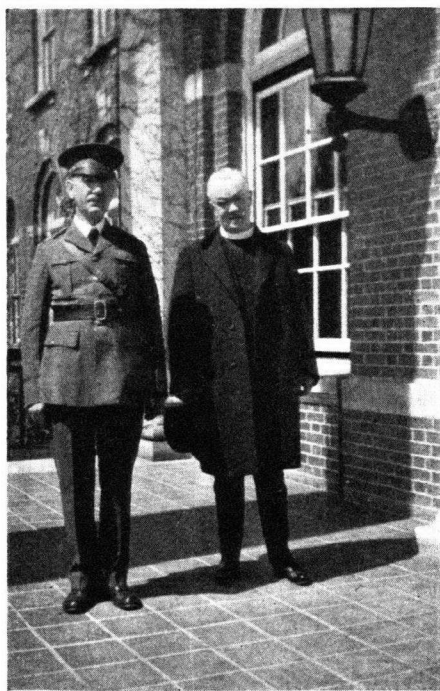
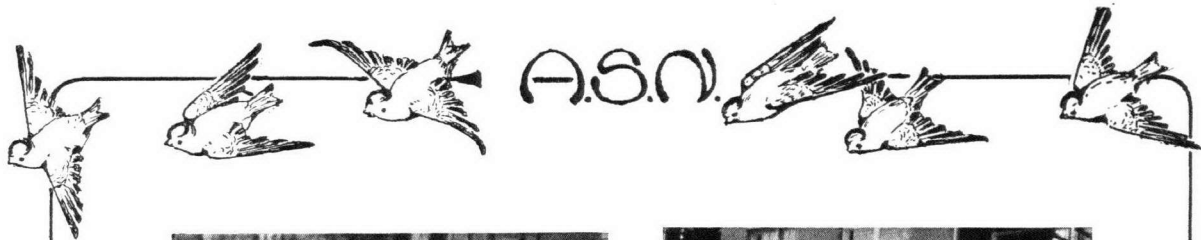
E. M. E., '26.



The Midnight Alarm !!!!++xx-+-!!!

"C'mon, go to the movies."
"Nope—too tired—going t'bed EARLY."
And you get ready for bed,
And are about two-thirds into it,
Sleepy as the dickens and tired,
And it's cold outside—maybe raining, too,
When
T o o o o o o o o o o o o o t
Goes the Post fire whistle,
And the little bell in quarters starts banging
Ones, twos, and threes,
And you jump right into your shoes,
Grabbing some top things,
Gallop up to the fire list
To see if it's *your* little darlin's that are being burned up—
That is, if you can get within 10 feet of it—
For the crowd of excited females,
And everybody says it's a different ward.
You look out into the night—
See all the Post detachment tearing madly by,
Hear the thunder of machines,
Regard the dignified gallop of the Sam Brownes
And the supervisors RUNNING along, too.
And you can't stand it any longer, SO,
Regardless of parygaff number umpty-umph
Of the Articles of War, which states SPECIFICALLY,
As read to us by Captain Lothrop one drowsy afternoon,
That NO STUDENT NURSES are needed at fires,
You dash down the steps with your dazed girl friend by the hand,
And trail along, puffing and snorting, to the scene of action.
Ward Exty-Ex—big crowd—false alarm (as usual).
Recall—'Bout face! And you slide down into your collar
Hoping that your pajie legs won't unroll,
And that the supervisors won't see it's you—
And back you go—all out of breath, but wide-awake.
Get back to quarters and sit up till AFTER TAPS.

C. B. B.



CHAPLAIN JOHN HALL
FATHER BENJAMIN McGEARY



WARD 59

*Sgt. Cole Having Hearing Test at
E. N. T.*

Maj. Ballou (semi-whisper).—42.

Sgt. Cole (loudly.).—42.

Maj. B.—66.

Sgt. C.—66.

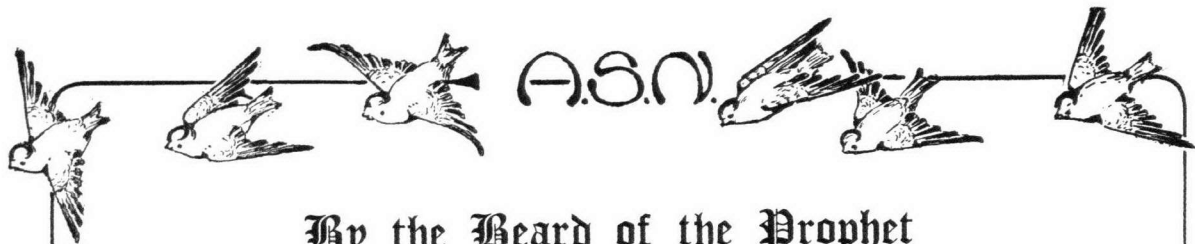
Maj. B.—23.

Sgt. C.—Tee he.


Followed by smothered giggles of
observing student nurses.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF WARD SECTION, WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL.



By the Beard of the Prophet

 HE train whizzed through the tunnel, crossed a bridge, and finally came to a panting rest in front of the busy station. Crowds of people poured from its coaches and hustled merrily toward the gates to be met by crowds of other people, friends and families, who fell upon their necks, kissed them, laughed over them, cried over them, and made them welcome after the different manners of crowds and friends and families in general.

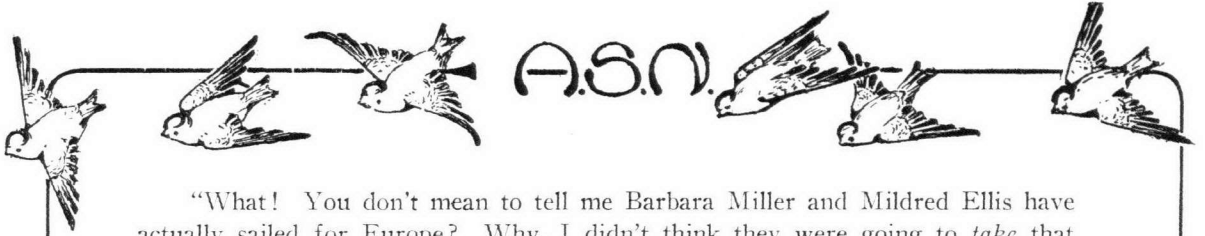
A tall young woman in modish attire disengaged herself from the bustling crowd with the ease and grace of the born traveler, left her luggage with an admiring porter, and slipped quickly through one of the gates. She swept the throng with a quick eye, as though seeking someone. Apparently she saw her at once, for she walked quietly up behind a rather plump woman, gazing anxiously into the thinning mob on the other side of the iron fence, and touched her lightly on the shoulder. The plump one turned around, and the frown on her round face changed immediately to a full moon grin of happy welcome.

"Why, Laura! You mean old thing! You slipped right up on me, and with me making saucers of my poor eyes looking for you, too! Oh, it's *so* good to see you! And how *well* you look! Why, honey, you don't look a day older! How are grandma, and grandpa, and Mr. Ned, and the little darling, and everybody? Poor little whiskers, I was so sorry to hear he's dead."

"No, Jack's train hasn't come in yet. Yes, it'll be here in half an hour. Come on, let's sit down in here and wait. Now, tell me *everything* you know. I hated like everything to miss the reunion last June, but you know all about that, and I've been so busy the last three months I haven't had time to write many letters to ask questions.

"Jack wasn't at the reunion either, was she? Isn't it glorious, though, that you and she could come down here for a while so we can all be together again. Too bad you two couldn't travel together. How do you reckon we ever persuaded her to leave Mount Sterling and her angel child long enough to make a visit way down here in Texas? But I guess now, with little Joe gone to college, she'll have more time.

"Don't you wish Colonel Bangs could have come, too? Yes, I wrote and asked her, but since she has taken over the editorship of the Nursing Journal she hardly even takes a week-end vacation. But don't you enjoy the Journal now? You know Bangs does lots of sketches for it, too. I could just *weep* when I look at some of them; they remind me so much of those she did for the Annual way back yonder in 1926. Oh, that Annual! Can you even forget how we struggled and toiled? I can see the Colonel right now, working away with her back against a tree down in the Dugout. I never could work much down there—too many birds and bugs and things—but the Colonel could. Yes, Mary Pierce wrote me about her. You know Mary is on the Journal staff, too.



"What! You don't mean to tell me Barbara Miller and Mildred Ellis have actually sailed for Europe? Why, I didn't think they were going to *take* that position in Roumania. Mildred wrote me a few months ago that she and Barbara were planning to resign from the Army, but they hadn't made up their minds just what they were going to do. They seemed, from her letter, to be tired of teaching. And you say the training school is being endowed by the Queen of Roumania? What! One of the princesses going into training! Oh, well, why not? Guess she has as much right to be happy as any other girl. By the way, what language do the people of Roumania speak? Imagine trying to **learn** drugs and solutions or anatomy in *that* lingo, to say nothing of teaching it.

"Yes, Isabel sent me a picture of Alta and her family. The children are very pretty. Izzy says they have a beautiful home out from Wolf Point, Mont. Funny how few of us knew she was to be married as soon as she finished. Izzy says they are very happy.

"I think Izzy is pretty happy, too. Yes, she lives in California. Her husband is one of the wealthiest men on the Pacific slope. No, not an oil magnate, an umbrella king. Why, goosie, that very sunshade you have across your knees this minute was made in one of the factories of our beloved classmate's husband. Look at the tiny name woven in the border.

"You say Margaret Francis and Alice Wickward sailed for the Philippines right after the reunion? Dorothy Kurtz, too? Well, they've been to nearly every other Army hospital, so I'm not surprised. It's nice that they haven't been separated for long at a time, isn't it?

"I had a letter from Adelene Van Ostran last week. You know she and Alice Waugh are doing public health work in Fort Wayne and adjacent territory. They're crazy about it. Adelene had just been on her vacation when she wrote. Yes, she went to see Margaret. Margaret's twins are in school now. Yes, Richard and Robert. Adelene says they are beautiful boys. One looks just like Peg and one like Dick.

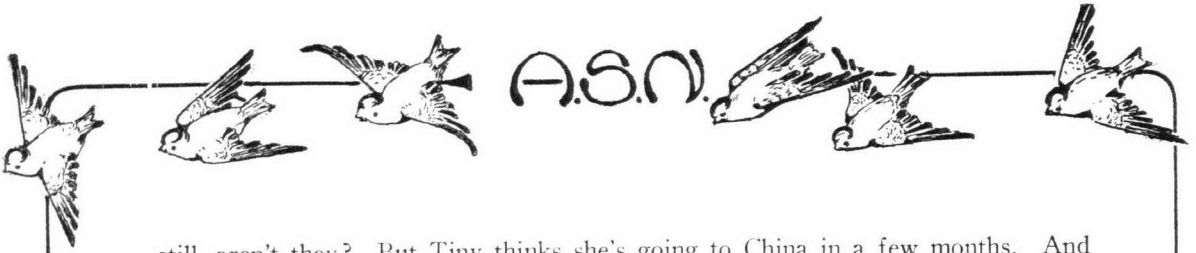
"Did you know that Beth Watkins is doing district nursing in one of the mill districts near her own home? Elise was with her, but Elise got married and deserted her. Yes, I believe it *is* true. Nurses *are* good homemakers.

"You say Davy is still on the I. V. N. S. staff in Washington? Oh, she is a supervisor now? Well, I guess she's right where she belongs.

"And you say Frances Reider is married now? Still living in Washington?

"There must be quite a number of our class still there. Lois Sears, Florina Corder, Edith Robin still doing private duty, and Marian Harms a supervisor at Columbia. Then how about all those girls out at Walter Reed?

"Oh, is Helen Johnson back from Honolulu? Oh, is she a full-fledged anaesthetist now? And, by the way, Tiny Irick and B. Olive Hart are in the O. R.



still, aren't they? But Tiny thinks she's going to China in a few months. And Bertie in the laboratory—well, of all things! I just can't imagine little Bertie making Basal metabolism tests any more than I used to be able to imagine her as a supervisor in that Memorial Hospital for Crippled Charleston Dancers in Cordele, before she went back into the Army. Are Lillian Stecher and Rachel Wilson still at Walter Reed? You say Rachel is cart nurse on O. P. 2? Well, I guess she hasn't changed a bit, has she? No, I guess she hasn't. And you say Mrs. Sanford is still in charge of 21? And Gus Short of the E. N. T. Clinic?

"Oh, yes! Does Frieda Stromberg still live in Washington? Six? Oh, my goodness!

"Did you know Rosellyn and Bonnie are down in Panama? Bonnie writes they're having a wonderful time. She says the training school is pretty small, but it's growing. Oh, yes, Doris is down there now, too. No! **living** down there! Hadn't you heard? Why, yes, she was married last month. Yes, a second lieutenant. Oh, it was all very sudden. Doris loves it down there. She says she hopes they won't be transferred to another post for ages. Imagine Dossy liking any place farther south than Wellsboro, Pa.!

"You say Edna Hollis and Chris Howell are doing private duty in their own home town? Well, I'm glad to hear that I'm not the *only* stay-at-home, even though I'm *not* doing private duty.

"Where are Bertha Anderson and Minnie Berg? They *are*! Missionary nursing in Asia Minor! Well, well! No—honestly *did* she? So our little Minnie is a divorcee now. I just can't believe it!

"So Tress Belknap is at Columbia taking the summer course in social service? Is she still engaged? I never did believe in such long engagements myself?

"Do you know I haven't heard from Mable Crosson in months! Were she and Grayce Jones at the reunion? What! Don't tell me Grayce is engaged *again*! Why, Jim has been dead less than six months! Of course, nobody was surprised when she married right after she divorced her first husband. Henry wasn't a speck of good when she married him; but *Jim*—why Jim was a perfect dear! And he loved her so *well*! But I guess she can't help being the kind of girl that every man wants to marry right off. You know she was always one of the most popular girls in the class. It's a shame, too, for she's one of the best nurses in the world.

"But what of Mable? Oh, is she engaged, too? You know, if I ever want to get married I'm going to stop trying to teach school children to wash their necks and ears and stop biting their finger nails, and start doing private duty. It seems to me every one of our class that has done private duty has gotten engaged at *least*.

"Are Ruth Boyd and Irene Langevin still 'happy, though married'? Both married doctors, didn't they? Oh, yes; Ruth married a dentist. I remember now.

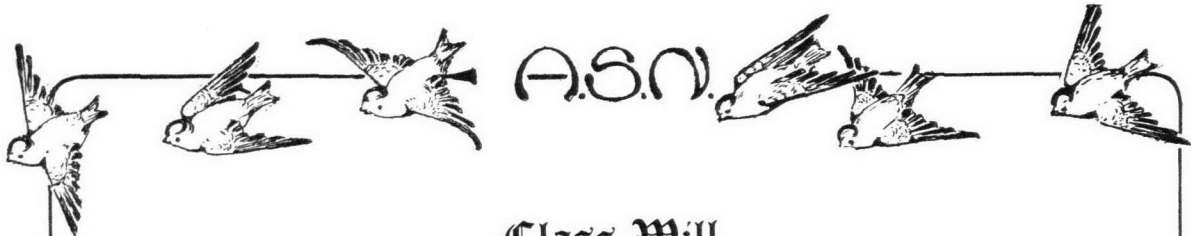


"Virginia Long and Helen Kenner are at Letterman, aren't they? The last I heard from them they were having the time of their young lives. Yes, still together.

"I have a surprise for you. You know how Johnny used to say she would love to go to Texas some time? Well, she's here in this very town. She has given up nursing, though. She is a chiropractor now. She will be out to the house tonight. She couldn't come with me to meet you this morning, because the governor's husband, who is mayor of this town, had an appointment for an adjustment at 10.30 this morning. It seems that Johnny thinks she can cure his cross-eyes by pounding a nerve in the back of his neck somewhere, or something like that.

"But look! There's Jack's train. Let's run meet her. She can tell us all about her chicken ranch, and her angel child, and the latest gossip. Maybe she'll tell me more about you than you've told me in this last half hour, too. Oh, I read the paper; I know you're an important woman in the nursing world; but I always said you ought to belong to the Diplomatic Service. But hurry, there's Jack now, and I do believe she has a roll of D. M.'s under her arm."





Class Will

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We, the Senior Class of the Army School of Nursing, in this, the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, but knowing that graduation is inevitable, and feeling that a just and impartial division of our accumulated estates of knowledge, experience, professional pleasures, and earthly treasures is due our heirs, we do hereby make, declare, and publish this last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

Subject to the receiving of our diplomas, we hereby will, give, bestow, and bequeath our estate, real and personal, and our affairs as follows:

ITEM ONE

To General Ireland, our chief, we bequeath our appreciation for his kindly interest in us and our affairs.

To General Glennan, our first commander, our whole-hearted affection, warm admiration, and sincere gratitude for his unfailing generosity and thoughtfulness for our happiness. May he take with him wherever he goes the love and respect of every member of the Class of '26.

To General Kennedy, our new commander, our thanks for his kindness in our behalf.

To Major Stimson, our beloved dean, our appreciation for the inspiration she has ever been to us.

To Mrs. Flikke, our chief nurse, our gratitude for the helpful understanding with which she has ever met us in our perplexities.

To Miss Melby and Miss Taylor our affectionate appreciation for the many times they have helped us out of difficulties, especially those concerning the preparation and publication of Ye Annual.

To Miss Tobin, our love and gratitude for the way she "mothered" us when we were young and innocent in the ways of the Army.

To *all* the faculty and supervisors, our good will and appreciation for their interest and friendly efforts in helping us to do our best.

To the ward surgeons and charge nurses, our gratitude for their patience and encouragement.

To the entire school, the duty and pleasure of "carrying on" the ideals and standards which we have tried to hold high and untouched during our sojourn here.

ITEM TWO

To future basketball fans, Colonel Bangs, Beth, Adelene, Alice, Izzy, Mabel, Elise, Dorothy, and Edie bequeath their seats in the far left-hand corner of the "Y." May you enjoy the scrimmages and many instances of good sportsmanship as heartily as we have.

To all the Helen Wills of the A. S. N., we leave the tennis courts. May your sunburn be not as painful as ours.



To any who are not afraid to use them, the spring board and the "high dive" at the swimming pool.

To any who needs it, the Colonel leaves the Dugout to be used as desired.

To any who want it, the library with its facilities for quiet study, research, and inspiration.

To future Annual boards, the present board leaves the typewriters of Quarters One and the O. R.—with a little repair and a few kind words they ought to be good for many years—and a lot of advice about what to and what not to put in an Annual.

To all who hunger and thirst, we leave the "Rendezvous," but be sure to return the empty coca cola bottles.

To everyone, for peace, beauty, and restfulness we leave our beautiful gardens and green house and the band concerts at eventide.

ITEM THREE

To the Class of '27, we will all our responsibilities, pleasures, and perplexities, which as seniors are their due, our public health affiliation (be careful of dark stairs), and St. Lizzie's (but don't do your exercises in the halls).

To the Class of '28, we leave our pets (tamed and otherwise) in Army Alley at P. G. H.

To all future classes, we leave the Army School of Nursing and the right to love, honor, and obey its gentle demands, as we have tried to do.

ITEM FOUR

To Donice Butcher we leave Laura's seat by the coffee pot. We also bequeath to Donice Bertha "Anderson's" off-duty singing voice.

To Bix Mo we leave Minne Berg's quiet dignity.

To any collegiate who needs them, Tress Belknap's "Credits."

To Stelle Harder, Jack's songbirds, Bonnie's chiropodist's address, Roselyn's "See-all, know-all" room, Izzy's one and only hairpin, and to her beloved "sistah," little Bertie leaves all her old blue uniforms, her tie (three years old and slightly used, but still almost good), her class notes and her blessing, all or any of which to be used as desired.

To Phil Greaves we leave Doris' capabilities as charge nurse of Ward 21.

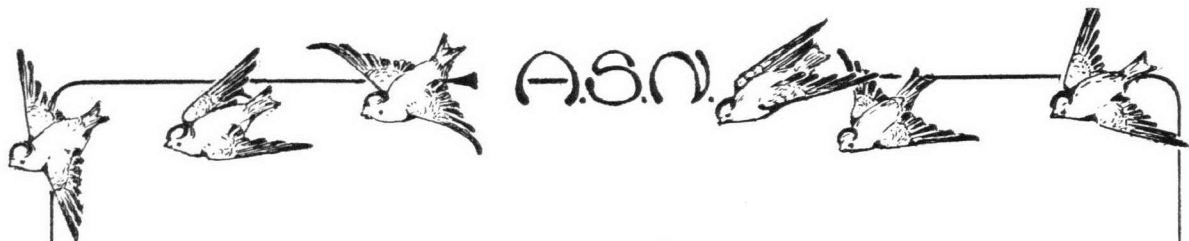
To Claribel Zeigler, Florina's vivacity and winsome charm, provided, of course, she can collect them.

To Helen Coolidge, Davy's air of capability.

To Kate Mulliken we fondly bequeath Christine's chuckle, Barbara's giggle, Ken's war-whoop, and Virginia's and Dorothy's conversational powers. With these talents we firmly believe Katherine will be able to campaign for any office or position she may ever desire to hold.

To Lois Munroe we leave Tiny's unexpirable option on one of the booths of the Bell Telephone System.

To Althea Shafer, Sen Moore and Lottie Murray—Helen Johnson, Gus Short, Frieda Stromberg and Mable Crosson we leave the E. N. T. Clinic and all its demands.



To Graves Satterfield, Elise's pretty blush.
To any three girls who earn it, Dorothy's, Margaret's and Wick's title of
"The Three Musketeers."

To Polly Gary, Beulah Johnson's ability as a palmist.

To Dits Corder, Rachel Wilson's late leaves.

To Charlotte Bucker, Alice Kirley and Kate Marsh—Frances Reider's and
Lillian Stecher's many admiring beaus.

To Peggy Goss, Mable leaves the stack of empty ice-cream boxes in her room,
but she leaves no instructions as to the disposal thereof.

To any worthy aspirants Olive Hart and Rachel Wilson leave the O. R., and
to any *very* worthy one Rachel leaves the dressing cart on O. P. 2 with all the
appendages thereof, save ONE.

To anyone it fits, Irene Langevin leaves a slightly worn green bathing suit.
She feels that it is so used to the pool here, that it would be homesick if she took
it with her to other parts unknown.

To Tommy Sydnor and Peg Sherwood, Edith Robin leaves the Diet Kitchen
forever and ever.

To anyone lacking in either line, we leave Ruth Boyd's and Lois Sears' good
looks and charming personality.

To her admired fellow-sufferer, Amy McGowan, President of the Class of
'27, Catharine Bangs, President of the Class of '26, wills her rank of Colonel, and
hopes it may never be a source of embarrassment to her.

To the Senior Class of '27 Mary Pierce leaves the name and address of a
reliable firm of photographers, with a guarantee of satisfaction, or "squee-gees"
made over.

ITEM FIVE

Last of all—to "Our Boys," we leave our grateful appreciation for the many
months in which you so generously, patiently and trustingly placed yourselves at
the mercy of our backrubs, bed baths, artistic bandages, and any other procedures
which it was necessary for us to practice.

ITEM SIX

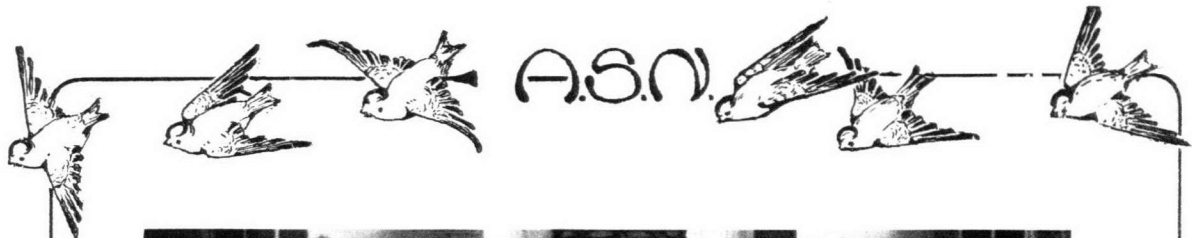
Reposing special confidence in General Kennedy and Mrs. Flikke to carry
out the provisions of this Will, we nominate and appoint them sole executor and
executrix, but relieve them from the necessity of giving bond or obtaining any
order from any court for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this
Will.

In witness hereof, we, the Graduating Class of 1926, have herewith set our
hands and affixed our seals this fourth day of June, in the year of Our Lord,
One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-six, and in the Sesqui-Centennial of
the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.

Witnesses :

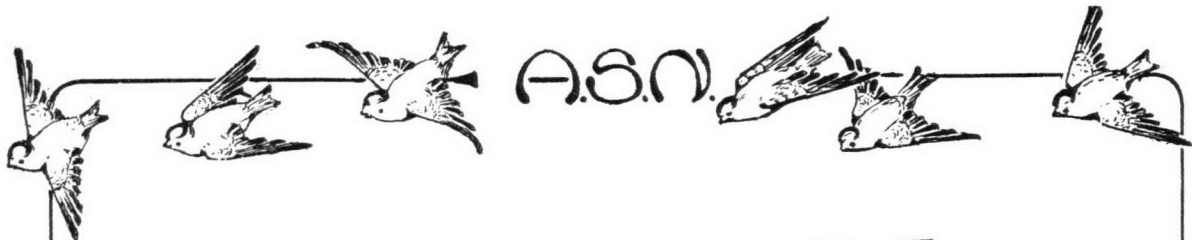
DORIS COOLIDGE.
EDITH EASTIS.

FIRST LIEUTENANT RUTH I. TAYLOR.
SECOND LIEUTENANT CARRIE DUNN.



THE CLASS OF 1926

1926



General Hospital
May 20/56.

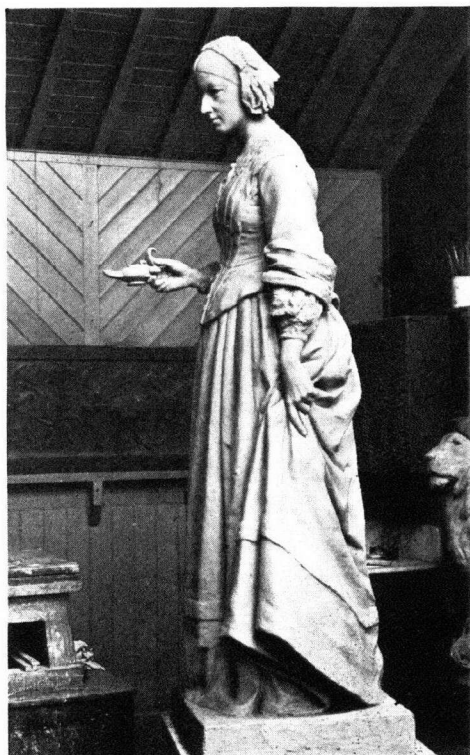
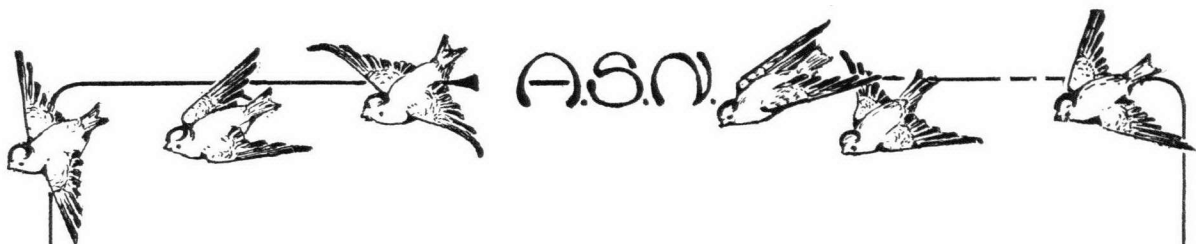
My dear Sir
You will see by the
enclosed that the
amputated sailor-boy
has only been discharged
13 days to-day.

Will you ask for a
passage for him to day
to Scutari or shall I?
through Major Kof?

Are you going to
leave us?

Believe me
dear Sir
Yours faithfully
F. Lightenjak

This letter, dated May 20, 1856, was written by Miss Florence Nightingale from the General Hospital, Balaklava, to George Stewart Beaton Esq. M.D., Staff Surgeon 1st Class, in medical charge of the Camp at Balaklava, Crimea



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

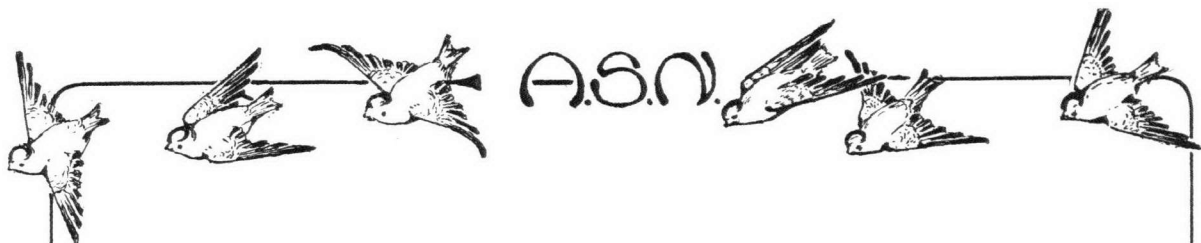
"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

1926



THE CLASS OF 1927





The Class of 1927

When as probies first we came
Into these many wards of fame,
Great was the fear that filled our minds,
Wept we for Mother left behind.

First to classes did we go,
And learned to make a bed just so,
How to take a T. P. R.,
Felt that we were 'way above par.

Tried to learn the bones and muscles,
But we admit it was a tussle.
History, Psych, and Ethics, too,
One by one, we waded through.

Thrice read the label in order not to kill,
Fixed up a hypo without touching the pill.
To P. M. classes in Quarters Five,
Often on time we would arrive.

To P. T., O. T., and down town, too,
Of knowledge we more than got our due.

And then to Philly we were sent,
We soon discovered what it all meant.
For six long months the babies we bathed,
With jello and custard their health road we paved.

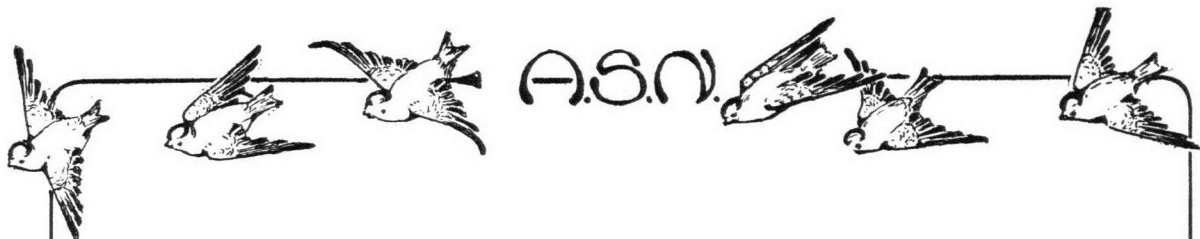
Worn and bedraggled we returned to the fold,
Leaving the fort for our classmates to hold.
After ten-hour duty, the eight-hour day
Seemed a haven of refuge, and almost like play.

Now we are come to the last thrilling year,
And Commencement for us will ere long be here.

A.S.N.



1926



Our Class 1928

Green the hue of the young March grass
When the first thirty entered the '28 class—

Back in '25.

They sat us down in a motley row
To see what our teeth and tonsils would show—

Back in '25.

Thirty "Blue Birds" had passed the test—
July the sixth brought a capped white crest—

Back in '25.

We then worked hard 'till October came,
Fifty-three "Probies" cast their lot with our fame—

In '25.

All of the year has sped rapidly by,
Not a task presented we would not try—

In Walter Reed.

Much of life's joy and its sorrow, too,
Has taught us their meaning in passing through—

'25 and '26.

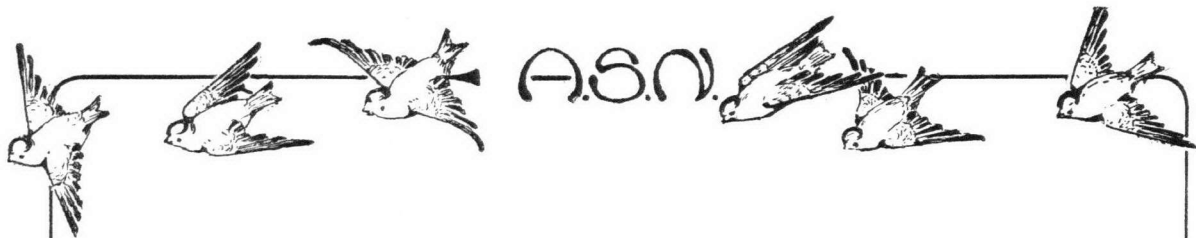
But we have stepped right into each becoming place
Assuming new dignity, poise and grace—

In '25 and '26.

To whate'er achievement one may aspire,
Work, Patience, and Hope will grant the desire.

To the honor of '28.

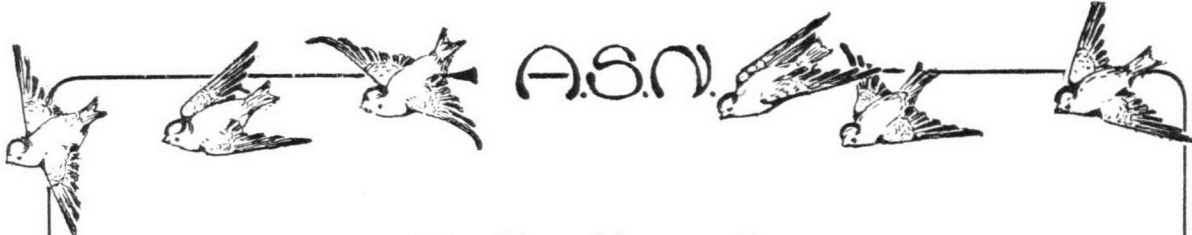
A. G. ANDERSON, '28.



THE CAPPING PARTY



1926



Do You Remember



UR trip to Fort Washington?

The time Barbara and Mildred got up too early for Easter Service and had to sit out on the church steps for two hours?

The time Tiny fell in the mud taking a short cut in the dark?

Bonnie ever having a fit of temper?

The time Virginia tried to buy an excess baggage ticket for 30 cents, 'cause they looked so pretty?

Mildred Ellis' famous grey sweater?

When Dorothy Kurtz used to part her hair in the middle?

Bert's convenient sinking spells?

The time the Floorwalker tried to kill Barbara?

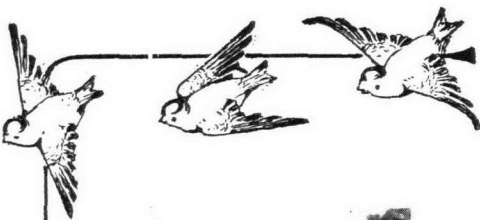
How Elise enjoyed relieving on Women's Medical?

The time Bert and Gus lost all the money and had to walk to Lizzie's?

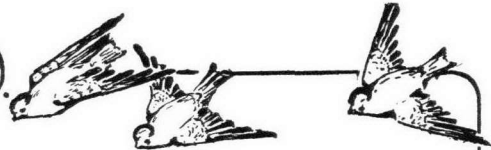
When Tress used to put Cresol in her bath water?

The first "Weinie" roast at the Dugout?





A.S.N.



When Adelene tried to drown the patient at St. Elizabeths, and our fun at the dances?

When Bert. did her stuff at our first Christmas party?

Asking Mrs. Shea for someone else's mail?
The sterile enema at Blockley?

The time Margaret tried to get some information on blindness at the Deaf and Dumb School?

When Rogers used to sing, "If yo-o-o-o-o could ca-a-a-re for me-e-e-e-e?"

The Christmas in Quarters Seven, when we all hung up our socks?

Johnny studying in her favorite position?

When Bert and Bangs went to look for Rod LaRoque up at Blockley?

The time Grayce, Alice, Waugh, and Elise got locked in the cemetery?

Bert's picture in the Philly paper?

What we used to say when we heard the COW BELL !!!!!**!!

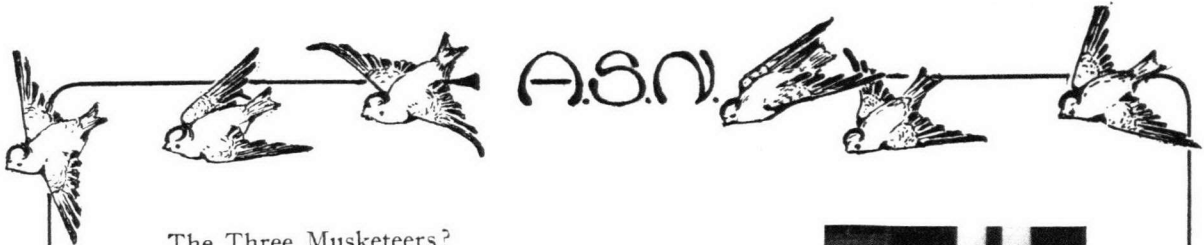
How Mabel Crosson likes to look at the moon?

The Reducing Club at Blockley?

When Tiny didn't get a bunch of 'phone calls every nite? (Nope!)



1926



The Three Musketeers?

"Bonnie and Roselyn?"

The Twins on Maternity?

Bozo, the mascot and classmate of our Probie Days?

Alice Waugh painted the patient's throat with Argyrol (externally)?

The trips to Harris & Ewing to have our pictures made?

Beth Watkins at a basketball game?

Mary Watson's shower bath on G 2?

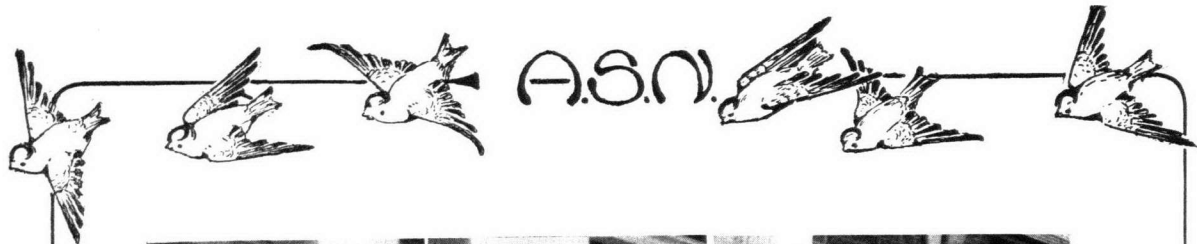
The Ladies' Evening Sewing Circle at St. Lizzies?

The time "Rudolph" asked you to dance?

When Gus Short used Ipana tooth paste so's she could learn to play and sing?

When "Izzy" yelled "Atta baby"?

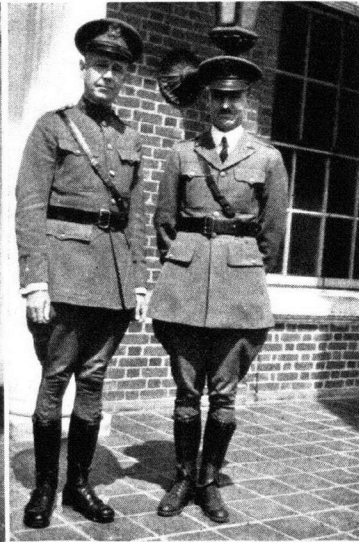




MAJOR DOOLING



MAJOR GENTRY



MAJ. MCCLINTIC—MAJ. BOLINBAUGH



MAJOR KENNER

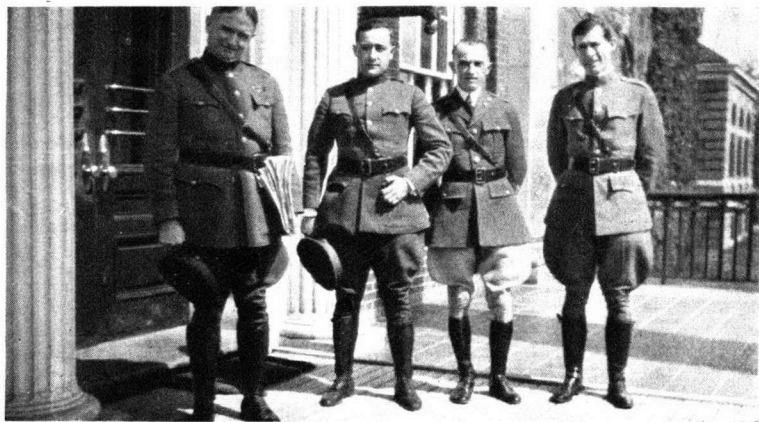
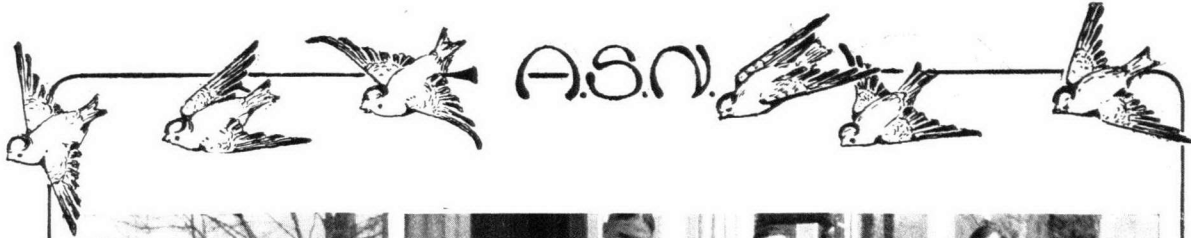


GENERAL IRELAND

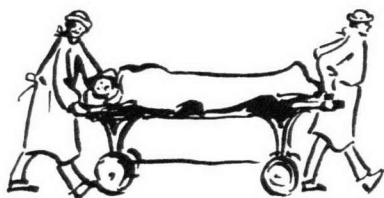


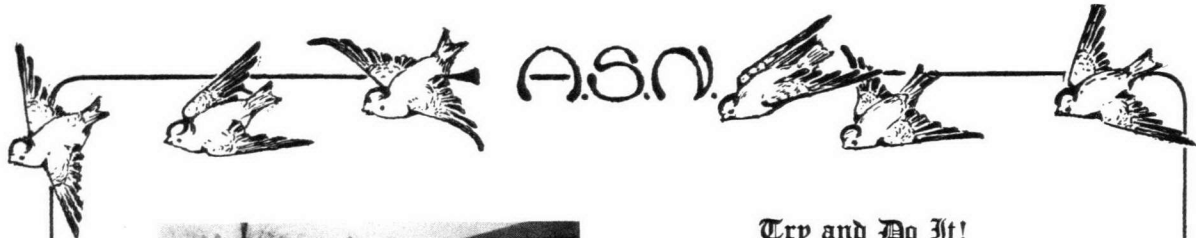
MAJOR WALSON

1926



AT EASE—O. R.





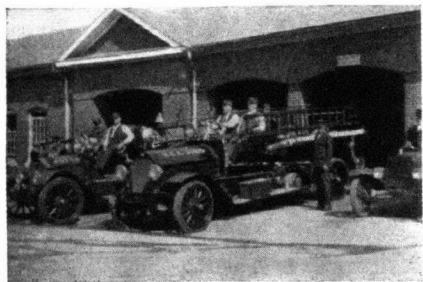
Try and Do It!

Officer—"Explain the position of a soldier at attention."

Rookie—"You stand up straight and still without moving, eyes up, chin straight to the front, shoulders drawn in and stomach pushed out slightly in back, hips hanging naturally at the sides along the seams of the trousers, knees forming an angle of about 45 degrees, and the feet flexible and slightly bent."

Pre-Pay-Day Blaint

'Twas the night before Pay-day,
When all through my jeans
I hunted in vain for the ways and the means.
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,
The greenbacks were off duty,
The silver had quit.
Forward, turn forward, O Time in thy flight!
Make it tomorrow just for tonight.



Back In 1923

Major Scott at the Phone—"Give me No Man's Land."

Operator—"What's that?"

Major Scott—"Nurses' Quarters No. 5."

Major Boyer—"Now take a deep breath and say ninety-nine three times."

Private Garage—"Two hundred and ninety-seven."

Desperate but patient officer, drilling class of student nurses—"Hey, there! What are you sitting down for? I didn't say 'At rest,' I said 'About face.'"

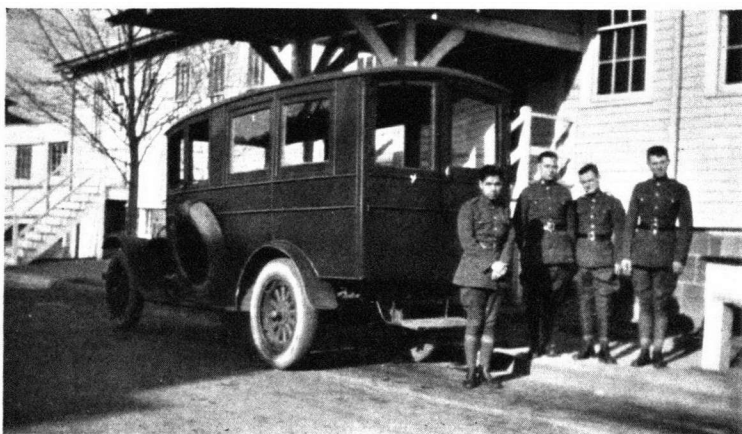
Probie—"Yes, I know that, but a second ago you said 'Forward march,' and now you want us to go the other way, so I'll just sit down till you decide which way you want us to go."

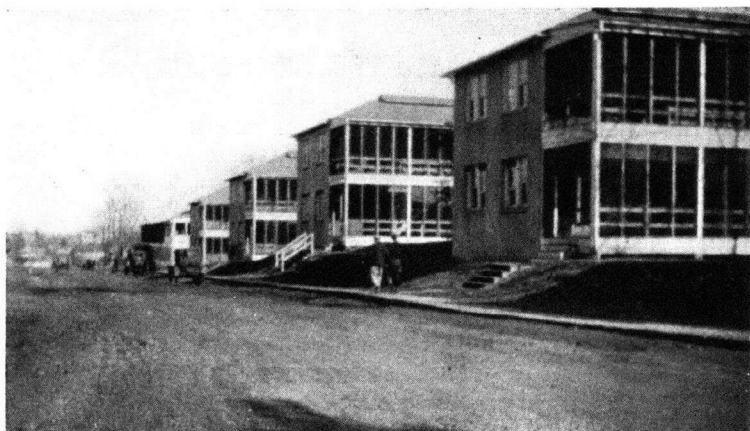
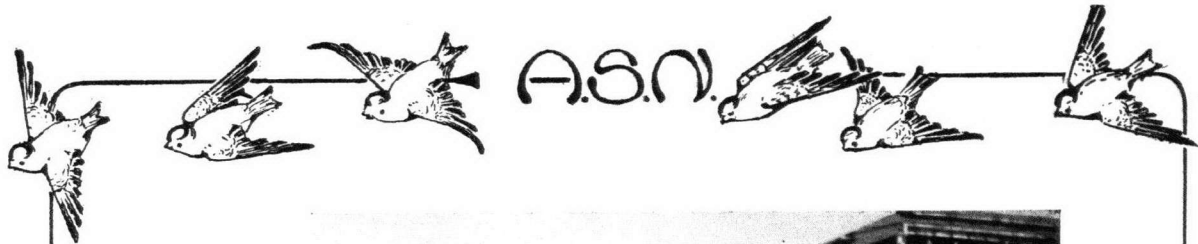
"Mother—may I go out to sippy?"

"Yes—my darling son—

A few C. C.'s of milk and cream,

And powders Two and One."





Heard in Drugs and Solutions

"What's B. I. D., Peggy?"

"By Internal Doses, of course."

"What's meant by idiosyncrasy?"

"Would be peculiar effect of a drug on peculiar people."

Xmas night at the "Y" pageant,
Eastis, jumping up to see the babe in the manger;

Voice from the rear—"Aw, sit down, I'll take you to 21 and show you a roomful."

Heard at St. Lizzie's

Christine—"I'm going to 'L.'"

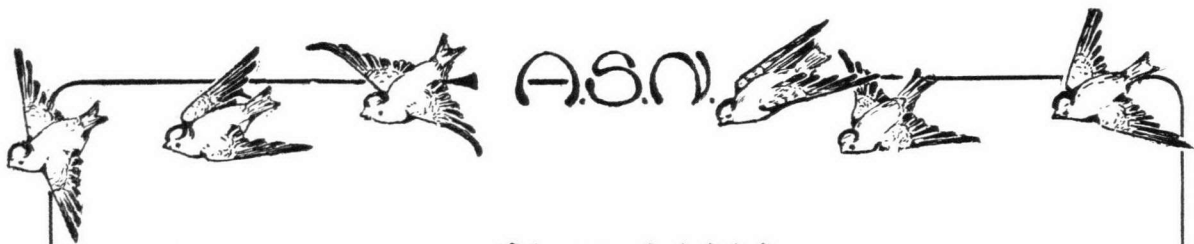
Gus—"Are you English, Cris?"

Dorothy's well known remark to the Housekeeper: "If I get a call tell the party I'm over at the Cafeteria."

Evening Prayer in Quarters

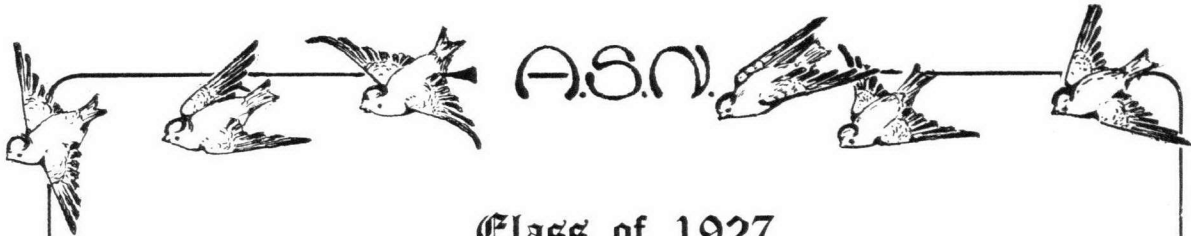
Now I lay me down to sleep,
A pile of blankets on my feet,
If it should rain before we wake,
No exercise we'll have to take.—
PLEASE LET IT RAIN !!!





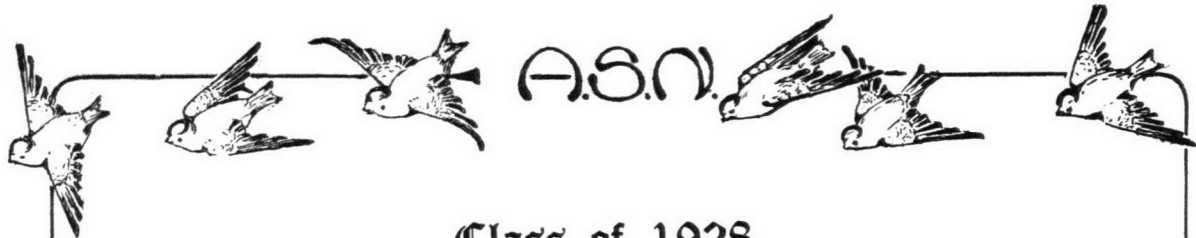
Class of 1926

BERTHA ELSA ANDERSON.....	126 Walnut St., Cloquet, Minn.
CATHERINE BLEECKER BANGS.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
THERESA BELKNAP.....	Mount Vernon, Iowa.
MARIE ELIZABETH BERG.....	Egypt, Pa.
LOUISE BONEWITZ.....	Chicago, Ill.
RUTH SUSAN BOYD.....	Springvalley, Ohio.
DORIS MARIAN COOLIDGE.....	25 Queen St., Wellsboro, Pa.
ANNA FLORINA CORDER.....	609 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
FRANCES MABEL CROSSON.....	Lapel, Ind.
AGNES DAVIS	3201 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif.
ROSELLEN DOYLE	Detroit, Mich.
EDITH M. EASTIS.....	Sour Lake, Texas.
MILDRED CONRAD ELLIS.....	Henderson, N. C.
MARGARET EDITH FRANCIS.....	519 Union St., Springfield, Mass.
BERT CUTTS HARDER.....	412 12th Ave., Cordele, Ga.
MARION HARMS	Scio, New York.
BESSIE OLIVE HART.....	160 E. Garfield Ave., Decatur, Ill.
EDNA MARIE HOLLIS	Wyalusing, Pa.
CHRISTINE MARIE HOWELL.....	Wyalusing, Pa.
GLENNA PORTIA IRICK.....	Chicago, Ill.
BEULAH MAY JOHNSON.....	South Londonderry, Vt.
HELEN VIOLET JOHNSON.....	22 Huntington Ave., Worcester, Mass.
GRAYCE JONES	Auburn, Ala.
HELEN MERLE KENNER.....	Columbia City, Ind.
DOROTHY MAE KURTZ.....	Edgewood Arsenal, Md.
IRENE LANGEVIN	Springdale, Conn.
VIRGINIA LONG	Herndon, Va.
ALTA MORTON McNEIL.....	Wolf Point, Mont.
BARBARA CHANNING MILLER.....	Chester, Vt.
ELISE MOORE	Raleigh, N. C.
CLARA JACK PERRY.....	Mount Sterling, Ill.
MARY ALICE PIERCE.....	2518 Forest Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
FRANCES REIDER	Camp Lewis, Wash.
EDITH ROBIN	Washington, D. C.
MRS. GRACE GARRISON SANFORD.....	830 Madison St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
LOIS HELEN SEARS.....	Neilsville, Wis.
AUGUSTA SHORT	1203 Kennedy St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
LILLIAN AGNES STECHER.....	119 N. Duncan St., Baltimore, Md.
FREIDA STROMBERG COLEMAN.....	Washington, D. C.
ADELENE VAN OSTRAN.....	Delphi, Ind.
MARTHA ELIZABETH WATKINS.....	Blanch, N. C.
LUCY ALICE WAUGH.....	Columbia City, Ind.
ALICE CAUNCEY WICKWARD.....	66 Noel St., Springfield, Mass.
RACHEL GREINER WILSON.....	Glenhurst, Va.
LAURA KEENE WOOD.....	Roanoke, Va.
ISABEL MARIE YOUNG.....	Wolf Point, Mont.



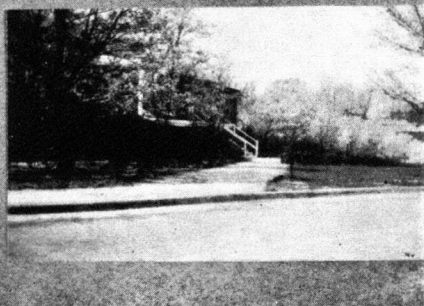
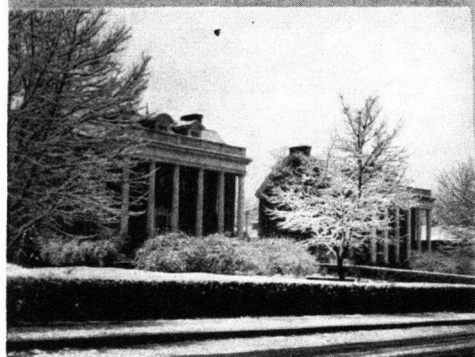
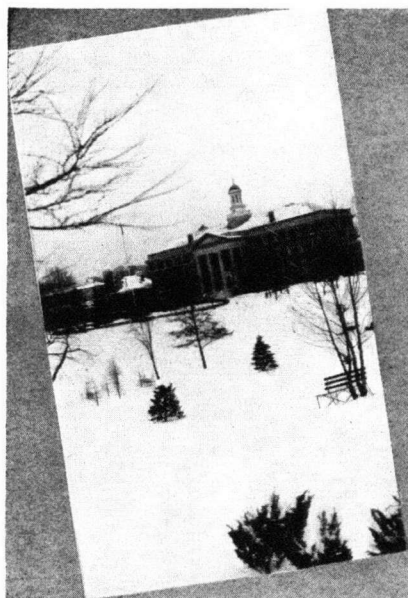
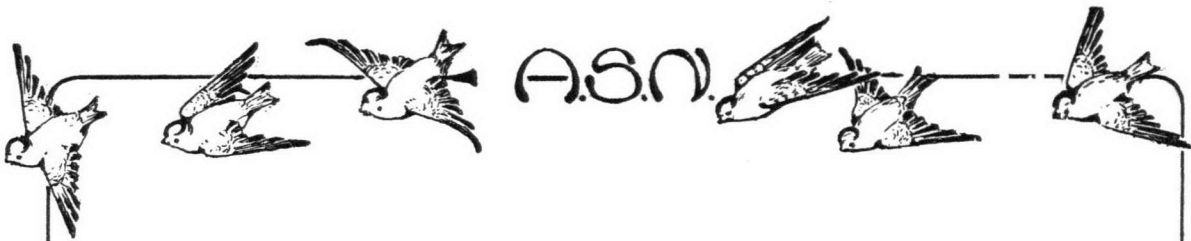
Class of 1927

EDWINA WEBSTER ADAMS.....	Boone, Md.
LUCILE R. BAKER.....	Decorah, Iowa.
CHARLOTTE BUCKER.....	Fort Crook, Nebr.
CHRISTINE M. BURTON.....	Whitmill, Va.
DONICE BUTCHER.....	Washington, D. C.
THELMA CARPENTER.....	Fort Monroe, Va.
GERALDINE CONOVER.....	Elgin, Ill.
LONNIE C. COPENHAVER.....	Bel Air, Md.
MYRTLE V. COPENHAVER.....	Bel Air, Md.
ROSALIE D. COLHOUN.....	Staten Island, N. Y.
HELEN E. COOLIDGE.....	Wellsboro, Pa.
NANNIE L. DAYHOFF.....	Waynesboro, Pa.
M. EILEEN DOHERTY.....	Woburn, Mass.
VIVIAN L. FISHER.....	Lebanon, Ohio
ELIZABETH FITCH.....	Willmette, Ill.
LUCILE FRANZ.....	Cumberland, Md.
VERONICA V. GALLAGHER.....	Reedsburg, Wis.
PAULINE GARY.....	Cordele, Ga.
MARY LUCILE GOSS.....	Marion, Ohio
PHYLLIS GREAVES.....	Charlottesville, Va.
FLORENCE E. HALVERSON.....	Laurel, Md.
MARY CAROLINE HARRIS.....	Pendleton, Va.
MARY ESTELLE HARDER.....	Cordele, Ga.
CLARA M. HENNION.....	Phillipsburg, N. J.
MYRTLE HODGKINS.....	Providence, R. I.
HELEN A. HORTON.....	Cleveland, Ohio
RUTH D. JOHNSON.....	Providence, R. I.
ALICE E. KIRLEY.....	Doylestown, Wis.
ELEANOR A. KANGAS.....	Hancock, Mich.
ELIZABETH LAUGHREY.....	Cumberland, Md.
ELLEN M. MATHERS.....	Wellsboro, Pa.
MARY E. MAJOR.....	Kansas City, Mo.
KATE MARSH.....	Asheville, N. C.
AMY E. MCGOWAN.....	Providence, R. I.
VEVA F. MELVIN.....	Iola, Kans.
WINIFRED MO.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
PHYLLIS C. MOBUS.....	Altoona, Pa.
SENORITA E. MOORE.....	Granville, Ohio
NANNIE B. MOSELEY.....	Staunton, Va.
CATHERINE MULLIKEN.....	Newberryport, Mass.
LOIS E. MUNROE.....	Providence, R. I.
LOTTIE E. MURRAY.....	Boone Mill, Va.
SELMA E. PETERSEN.....	Chassell, Mich.
SCOTTIE B. ROBINSON.....	Jacksonville, Ala.
MARY GRAVES SATTERFIELD.....	Blanch, N. C.
ALTHEA SCHAFER.....	Cumberland, Md.
MARGARET SHERWOOD.....	Creston, Iowa
VIRGINIA M. STEWART.....	Elgin, Ill.
BESS SYDNOR.....	Hamilton, Va.
JUSTINE S. TRAUT.....	New Britain, Conn.
DOROTHY M. WALDO.....	Wysox, Pa.
MARGARET WALTER.....	Delaware City, Del.
MABEL A. WATKINS.....	Blanch, N. C.
MARY P. WATSON.....	Ellenville, N. Y.
GRACE L. WHITEHEAD.....	Laurel, Md.
FRANCES D. WILLIAMS.....	Decorah, Iowa
CLARIBEL ZEIGLER.....	Delaware, Ohio



Class of 1928

ANNA G. ANDERSON.....	Cedar City, Utah
HAZEL A. BULIFANT.....	Hampton, Va.
REGINA BURNS.....	Washington, D. C.
PAULINE BUTLER.....	Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.
SARAH M. BUTLER.....	Charleston, S. C.
ZONA CLEARY.....	Caldwell, Ohio
KATHERINE CORDER.....	Washington, D. C.
LUCY R. CROSS.....	Petersburg, Va.
FRANCES C. DERBY.....	Clifton Springs, N. Y.
MARGUERITE P. DUANE.....	East Prairie, Mo.
EMLYN M. DUGGLEBY.....	Davenport, Iowa
GROVENE DUNLAP.....	Polkton, N. C.
ANN V. DUNLAYE.....	Orleans, Nebr.
GERALDINE V. FERGUSON.....	Ashland, Ohio
ELSIE M. FIELD.....	Finksburg, Md.
ESTHER S. FISHER.....	Metropolis, Ill.
RUTH M. FLOWER.....	Covington, Ga.
ADA B. FRIEND.....	Friendsville, Md.
HAZEL D. GAVER.....	Purcellville, Va.
RUTH C. HAINES.....	Brookville, Pa.
HELEN L. HAWKINS.....	Portsmouth, Ohio
DORA HANCOCK.....	University, Va.
ELIZABETH HERRICK.....	Rochester, N. Y.
ZETTA HINSON.....	Washington, D. C.
HELEN M. HUDGINS (Mrs.).....	Palmer Springs, Va.
QUEENIE KENNEDY.....	Washington, D. C.
EVELYN C. KOUGHER.....	Canojoharie, N. Y.
BLANCHE E. LEBO.....	Decatur, Ill.
IRMA I. LORENTZ.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
CHRISTINE LUCAS.....	Freeland, Pa.
BEATRICE McBRIDE.....	Washington, Ind.
DOROTHY C. McCARTHY.....	Bellevue, Ohio
RUTH T. McDONOUGH.....	Zanesville, Ohio
ETTA A. MacPHERSON.....	Fowler, Mich.
FRANCES L. MACHEN.....	Palmer Springs, Va.
HELEN MEYERS.....	Leavenworth, Kans.
MILDRED B. MICHENER.....	Phoenixville, Pa.
SOPHIE F. MICKIEWICZ.....	Detroit, Mich.
MARGARET W. MINTON.....	Abingdon, Va.
FRIEDA A. MONTGOMERY.....	Washington, D. C.
LENA G. NEELY.....	Holidaysburg, Pa.
HARRIET M. NEVILL.....	Savannah, Ga.
PRISCILLA G. NICHOLSON.....	Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
RUTH S. ORN.....	Quincy, N. Dak.
RUTH E. PARSONS.....	Washington, D. C.
OPAL H. PHELPS.....	Carlinville, Ill.
ANTOINETTE PRICE.....	Washington, D. C.
MARGARET REED.....	Purcellville, Va.
VIOLA M. REIDLE.....	Fort McKinley, P. I.
LOIS V. REYNOLDS.....	Felton, Del.
GLADYS G. SAMPLES.....	Monterey, Va.
HARRIET A. STEENBERG.....	France Field, C. Z.
LEOLA D. TERRELL.....	Forest, Va.
ALICE A. TRACY.....	Cusio, Ind.
MARY B. TURNER.....	Clifton Forge, Va.
ANN E. WATSON.....	Ellenville, N. Y.



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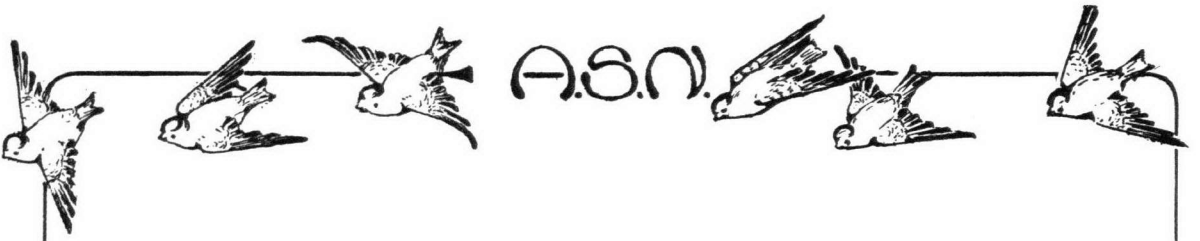


Taps

Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all,
Speedeth all
To their rest.

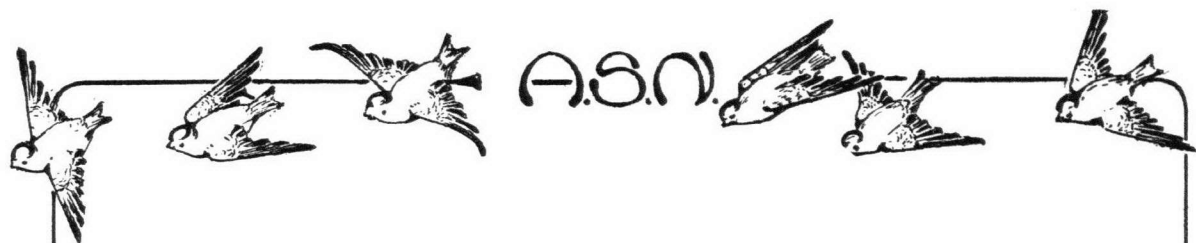
Love, goodnight.
Must thou go
When the day
And the night
Leave me so?
Fare thee well
Day is done
Night is on.





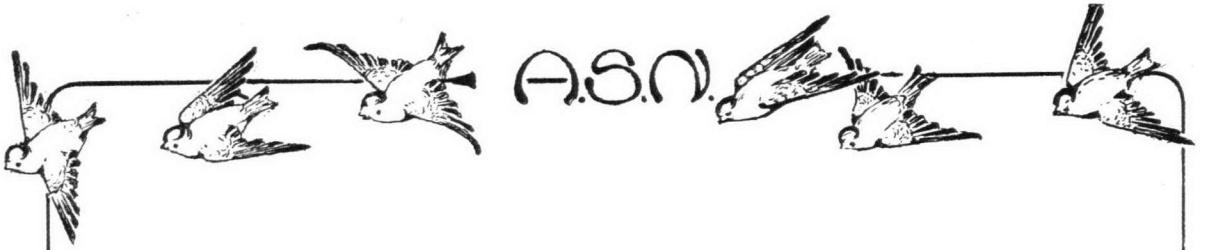
Autographs

1926



Autographs

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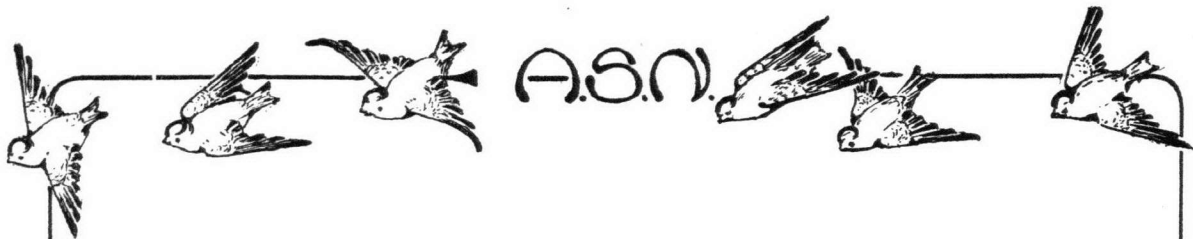
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